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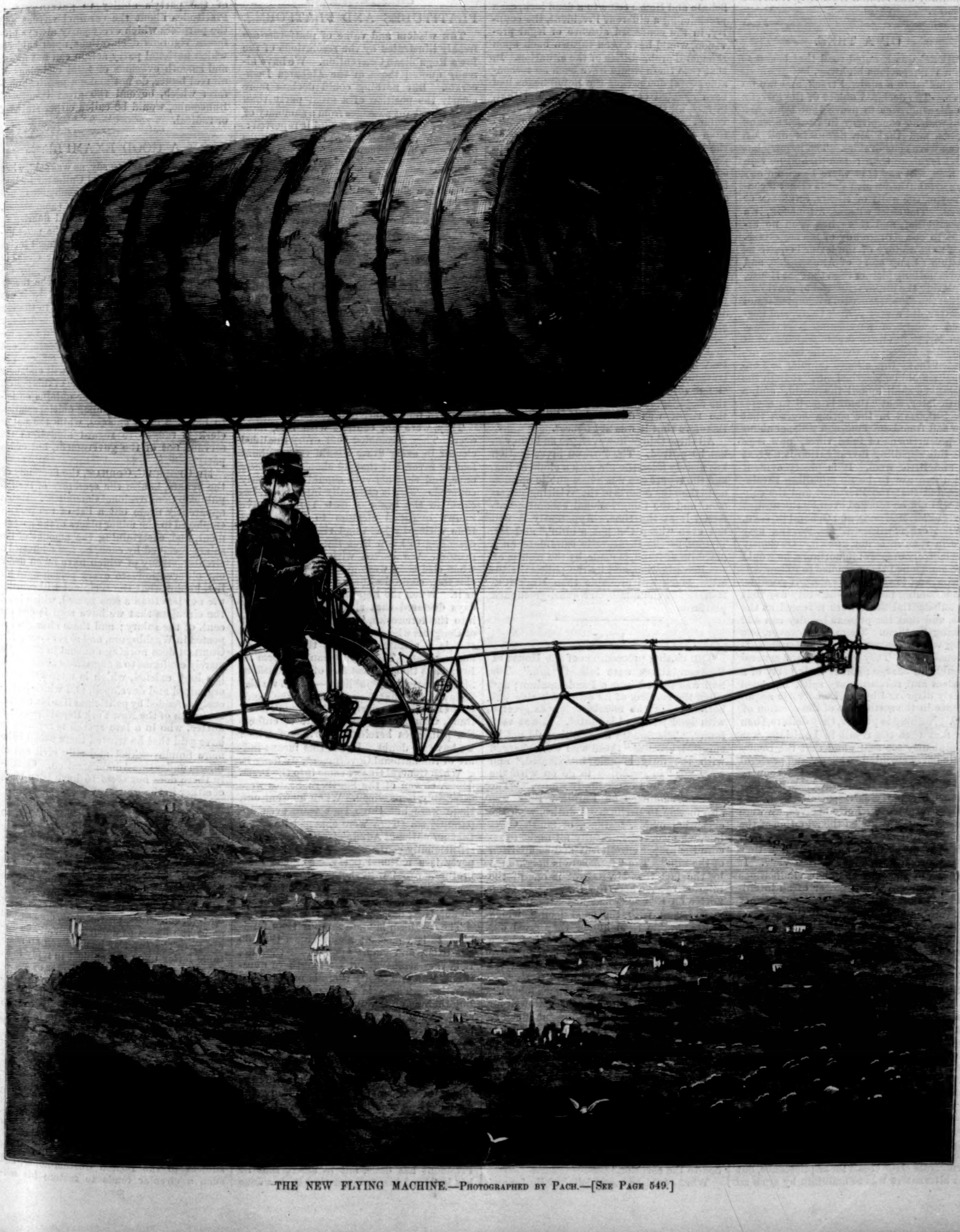

THE NEW FLYING MACHINE.—Photographed by Pach.—[See Page 549.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1878.

☞ *The* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains the beginning of a new Story, entitled*

"LE CHIEN D'OR,"

with a striking illustration, a page of sketches called "THE COOLIES' OPERA," *and other attractive features.*

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

UP A TREE.

THERE was a noted road that began as a very spacious highway, but gradually dwindled to a squirrel track, and ran up a tree. The declared object of the POTTER investigation was to prove that there was a fraudulent conspiracy in Louisiana and Florida, and that Mr. SHERMAN and Mr. NOYES were conspirators. The inquiry has lasted for more than a month, and no candid man will say that there has been any thing established which shows either a conspiracy or the guilt of Messrs. SHERMAN or NOYES. The chief witness, ANDERSON, is a confessed liar, and there has been no attempt to corroborate any of his assertions. Mrs. JENKS's story of the letter is quite as probable as any story of ANDERSON'S, and there is nothing plainer than that the House, in ordering the inquiry, instead of providing against the consequences of attempted fraud hereafter, did a very foolish thing, and neglected a duty of paramount importance. Even Mr. CONKLING'S organ, which said at the end of December that "the masses" demanded that "this alleged iniquity in Louisiana" should be searched out, "though the revelations shall appall the world," and, a month later, that "there is peril to Secretary SHERMAN in the spring breezes that blow soft from Louisiana, and whisper about the procurement of false votes," now says that this appalling investigation is a great cry and little wool. It is pretty evident that there are to be no appalling revelations, and that the President and the cabinet will not be touched even by the utmost efforts of Mr. M'MAHON and General BUTLER.

What other witnesses Mr. POTTER may have in reserve is not known. Obviously if he had any others of importance, he would have summoned them at once to follow ANDERSON, and to confirm his story if possible. It is becoming more evident every day that the substantial facts were revealed at the time, and that the present inquiry can add nothing to them. There is, however, one thing which Democrats have not sufficiently considered. They insist that the general Republican charge against their party of a reckless and revolutionary spirit has been utterly disproved by the Democratic acquiescence in the settlement of the election of 1876. Nothing is plainer, they declare, than the fact that the result in Louisiana was fraudulently set aside, and that the Democratic party assented to a legal and peaceful adjustment rather than plunge the country into disorder. Is it fair, they ask, to represent such a party as essentially hostile to good government? For ourselves, we were among those who hailed the adoption of the Electoral Bill as a signal triumph of patriotism over party upon both sides, and time but confirms the wisdom of that view. It was one of the most complete vindications of the self-restraining power of an intelligent popular government that our history furnishes, and it ranks with the greatest political events. We shall always acknowledge the patriotism in both parties that supported the bill. But there are several things to be said in reply to the Democratic view that we are considering.

If the facts of the fraud in Louisiana were so indisputable as this view holds, why did the Democratic party, if it did not originate, yet so cordially accept the project of the Electoral Commission? For two reasons, neither of which, we believe, any candid Democrat will deny. First, the moral conviction that the Democratic vitiation of the vote before the election was quite as flagrant as any Republican vitiation of it after the election; and second, the perception that there was no constitutional or legal provision to settle the controversy between the Houses that was sure to arise. The Democrats claim credit for acquiescence, but the alternative was to maintain by arms an alleged result at the ballot-box, which every body who had read the evidence knew was not the honest voice of the voters. It is true that elections must be decided by the votes actually cast, and not by a computation of those that might have been cast. But it is no less true that when we are concerned with the moral rights of an election, general and monstrous intimidation must be taken into the account. Now the intimidation at the Feliciana polls was proved as clearly as any thing in the entire case. It is established very much more clearly than any fraud in the Returning Board. By the law of Louisiana, which the Democrats have not repealed, the Returning Board could throw out the vote of any poll at which intimidation was established. The Democratic argument, therefore, is that the party is entitled to peculiar credit for not insisting that the House, without a shadow of authority in the Constitution or the laws, should insist upon refusing to respect the legal action of the Louisiana Returning Board.

Had this course been taken, and had the Senate and House come to a dead lock, each proclaiming a different President, the country, in the confessed absence of legal provision, would have been thrown back upon the moral probabilities of the situation. In that case there would have been no reasonable moral doubt that the Republicans had been cheated out of Mississippi, and that, in fact, all the States in which the colored voters were a majority had been wrested from them by terror. The assumption of the Democratic argument, therefore, disappears. If the Democrats had not been in as much doubt as the Republicans both as to the freedom of the election and as to the authority of Congress, the settlement would not have been reached. The Democrats are entitled to equal praise with the Republicans for a most patriotic act. But they can not claim any credit for not resorting to violence to settle a question for which there was no lawful settlement, and in which the probabilities were equal. That both sides joined in providing a lawful solution is, indeed, to the credit of both, and both should gladly acknowledge it. The essence of the Democratic feeling of which we speak is that Mr. TILDEN was honestly elected. But that is the very point which can not be truthfully assumed. Even if the constitutional votes for him could be proved to be the majority, it would be equally clear that the result was due to intimidation, and therefore that it was not honest.

All these things, however, pro and con, can not be proved. The POTTER investigation has merely filled the air with a cloud of lies, and the report can not affect public opinion more than the reports of the "visiting statesmen" and the Congressional committee affected it at the time. Apparently it will not even "keep the pot a-bilin'," and Mr. TILDEN, as the Democratic candidate, on a platform of fraud, is made, by the results of the investigation, and by the political situation, much less probable than Mr. THURMAN, as the candidate, on a quasi-greenback platform.

FUN.

THE closing proceedings of the House of Representatives were full of "fun." The hall was turned into a Pandemonium; and when the emblem of its own authority was borne among the members, it was greeted with loud jeers and laughter. It was very funny. The Sundry Civil Bill could not be enrolled, because "those who were charged with the duty became intoxicated," and were not "in condition to go on with the work." It was exceedingly funny. "The House Committee on Enrolled Bills was also unable to perform its duties, with the exception of Mr. RAINEY, of South Carolina, who worked faithfully all night to secure the proper enrollment and comparison of the bill." The "fun" here is heightened by the fact that Mr. RAINEY is one of the inferior race, whom the Democratic Committee on Elections had just attempted to unseat, and with the good feeling which is inseparable from humor they cried out to him that he would now be worth more than he had ever been before. But there is still richer "fun" behind. The conferrees of the two Houses were said not to be "entirely blameless." "A well-known lobbyist, in accordance with a practice followed for years past, provided a Champagne lunch at the Capitol, special provision being made for the conferrees in the committee-room in which they performed their labors. That this luncheon was fully appreciated by at least one of the Democratic conferrees is evinced by the fact that while his colleagues were regaling themselves he removed his shoes and stockings, and sat in their midst bathing his feet in a basin of water. The foot-bath was not relished by the others, who abandoned the viands for a time and fled to the corridor."

What could be more delightfully funny? The dull delegates of despots and effete monarchies in Berlin who are attempting to patch up the map of Europe may learn from the free republic of the West how to disport themselves and be funny in their old Congress. Lord CHATHAM must have foreseen that funny foot-bath when he said of the old Continental Congress that he thought it "the most honorable assembly of statesmen since those of the ancient Greeks and Romans in the most virtuous times." It is certainly surprising that there is a general complaint that "the best men" do not care to go to Congress, when they know that they can take part in such "fun" as that of the closing hours of the session. It was a cynical observer who said that he never intelligently respected the great republic until he saw Congress. But when he saw that assembly, and reflected that with it we had achieved our greatness, he perceived what force and virtue there must be in the American people. Yet even this cynic had not seen the "fun" of the closing hours of the session.

PLATITUDES AND PLATFORMS.

THE wisdom and value of platforms are freshly illustrated by the resolutions of the Iowa Republican Convention. We have already quoted those of the Alabama Democrats. But nothing could declare more clearly the position of a great party than these trenchant passages from a summary of the Iowa manifesto, as we find it reported:

> "Personal temperance is most commendable, and the present active movement throughout Iowa has our profound respect, sympathy, and approval.
>
> "Rigid economy is demanded in every department of the public service; reduction in expenses whenever possible; reduction in taxation, and an efficient administration of office.
>
> "Honesty and efficiency in public affairs, and punishment of dishonesty and fraud wherever found."

These are sentiments that kindle the fires of patriotism in the coldest breast, and show unmistakably where the party stands on their great issues. No one will be brazen enough to say hereafter that the Republican party is in favor of drunkenness and dishonesty, or that it demands extravagance and fraud in public affairs. It is undeniably in favor of truth, justice, honesty, sobriety, meekness, patience, prudence, and propriety. If this is not a winning platform, it would be interesting to see what is; and it was most kind in the delegates to go all the way to Des Moines to declare that they approved temperance and honesty.

They were not content with this, however. They demanded that every qualified elector in every State should vote without fear or favor, but that he should vote only once, and that his vote should be honestly counted. This is especially interesting, because in the State of New York we have known qualified electors to be deterred from voting by jeers and ridicule, and it is consoling to know that the voters of Iowa protest. We looked with interest to see what else they were going to do, or what else they could do, but we could not discover it. When the Republican party in other days declared that slavery should not go into the territories, it could elect members of Congress who could enforce its will. But this is a manifest without the means of making war. The Republican platform of Iowa says that at least five of the Southern States are really Republican—which we also believe; and that they are now in the hands of the Democratic party solely through force, fraud, intimidation, and failure to enforce the principles herein set forth—of which we have no doubt. But if this means failure of the national Government, we deny it.

When General GRANT came into the Presidency, eleven of the Southern States were ostensibly Republican. When he went out, there were but three that were even apparently so. They were changed by forces that no national Administration could constitutionally control. Now the Republican party is a national party. But the Iowa brethren can hardly believe that there is some national policy to be adopted that would recover the lost States. Yet if they do not, their declaration is pointless.

The platform is more fervent than forcible. It is vehement about issues that do not exist, and silent upon those that do. It is very strong about the Southern question. But practically there is no Southern question. There is a financial question. But there is no Republican financial policy, as the votes in Congress show, and in denouncing any change in that policy the Iowa platform is merely comic. Great enthusiasm is reported, and Mr. JAMES F. WILSON is said to have implied in his speech that Mr. HAYES is a kind of ANDREW JOHNSON, and to have produced great applause by a compliment to General GRANT. The report, we trust, does Mr. WILSON injustice so far as his allusions to the President are concerned. He undoubtedly questions the wisdom of many things that the President has done, but to assert that he has betrayed his party, or that he has done any thing which was not foretold in his letter of acceptance and in his inaugural address, is to allow hostile feeling to overpower good judgment. The Republicans of his own State would not have commended the President's integrity and patriotic fidelity had they believed him to be a TYLER or a JOHNSON. The Iowa platform is called stalwart and radical. But our Republican friends there must have seen already that it does not lay down principles upon living questions which will unite the party, or upon which any intelligible policy can be based. It is certainly a trying time for platforms. The *World* says of its party's declarations in Ohio that if you deduct from them all that is positively objectionable, the remainder is not much worse than the other platforms of this afflictive season; and the Illinois Republican Convention resolves that the Republican party is pre-eminently able to govern the country, yet withholds all recognition from the Administration for which the party is responsible, and the course of which is necessarily the test of the party's ability to govern wisely. Platitudes about the cardinal virtues and the purposes which every party always professes, vigorous declarations upon subjects which national party action can not affect, and smooth evasions or total omissions of all real issues, do not make a political platform which, beyond the great county of Buncombe, would be called either stalwart or radical.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

IT was a mistake to say, as was said, when Mr. BEARD was appointed Collector in Boston, that it was merely the exchange of one politician for another of the same school, and that the old abuses would flourish as luxuriantly as ever. One of the most flagrant of the abuses is the assessment levied by political committees upon the clerks in the public offices. It is a thoroughly demoralizing practice because of the theory upon which it proceeds. The clerk is not asked as a citizen to contribute to the fair expenses of an election; he is notified, under a more or less courteous form, that he is expected to pay a sum which is specified, and to pay it because he holds an office. The implied threat is that refusal will endanger his tenure. The consequence of this system is that the party in power obtains an immense sum by levying upon official salaries, to be used as it chooses, while the public clerk is taught to regard himself as the servant not of the government, but of his party.

Mr. GEORGE C. GORHAM, the Secretary of the Senate, is also the secretary of the Republican Congressional Committee. He has apparently made out a list of the persons employed in the minor places of the government, and, ascertaining the amount of the salary received by each, he has addressed a circular—many of which have fallen under our observation—to every person upon his list, hoping that the recipient will contribute not less than a sum named, which in all the circulars that we have seen is one per cent. of the salary; and these circulars are posted in Washington, and so sent out. Mr. GORHAM does nothing unusual in this. He merely conforms to a monstrous abuse which has long existed, which is more and more organized and developed, and which is seriously defended by politicians like Mr. SMYTH, chairman of the New York Republican Committee, who in a late speech is reported to have said that he trusted there would be no more Sunday-school and silly civil service reform under this Administration. Certainly there does not seem to have been much of either in the New York Insurance Department.

Mr. GORHAM is merely the agent in an abuse which a great many intelligent citizens, the President of the United States among them, desire to correct. Its correction would be of itself a great step toward greater freedom and honesty of nominations and elections. The present power of correction lies in the hands of certain chief officers, collectors, postmasters, etc., as well as in the heads of departments. The Secretary of the Interior has written an admirable letter upon the subject in reply to an inquiring clerk, and the Collector of Boston has taken a position for which he deserves the hearty thanks of all who believe that abuses are not necessary merely because they exist. He has addressed the following note to every clerk in the Custom-house:

> "SIR,—My attention has been called to a circular letter, signed by GEORGE C. GORHAM, Secretary, asking for contributions to the fund of the Republican Congressional Committee, and, as I am informed, generally received by the employés under my charge.
>
> "You will understand that action of this kind must be entirely voluntary on your part, that no compulsion is intended or implied, and that your decision with regard to this request will have no effect upon your standing as an officer. A. W. BEARD, Collector."

There will be no misapprehension upon the subject in the Boston Custom-house, and such a circular tends to restore his selfrespect to every man in it. We should be glad to know that Collector ARTHUR, in New York, had sent a similar note to the officers in the Custom-house.

THE "SOUTHERN POLICY."

THE reply of Secretary EVARTS to a message of the Louisiana Commission, on the 13th of April, 1877, which has been lately republished, is a clear statement of what is called the President's Southern policy. It is simply the Constitution and common-sense. There were in Louisiana two persons, each alleging that he was the lawful Governor of the State, and there was no disorder. There was a question of legal right between the Executive claimants, but there was no violence. Under these circumstances Mr. EVARTS telegraphed that the President proposed to remove the United States troops to their barracks. He could do nothing else unless the constitutional case of "domestic violence" and summons was presented to him: and it was not presented. The legal question must be settled by the State, not by the national Government. The President properly wished to put an end even to an apparent military interference, and upon satisfactory assurance that the peace would not be broken, the troops were removed. The President dealt with the actual situation, and he very properly would not say what he should do in a case of violence, for instance, or in any other case that had not arisen. "The President can not expressly or by implication anticipate the determination of his duty upon any occasion in the future which the posture of affairs in Louisiana may present for his official action under the Constitution and laws of the United States."

There was no violence then or afterward. It is asserted that if Mr. HAYES was elected, Mr. PACKARD was elected. That may or may not be. But the conditions of national interference in a State are plainly stated in the Constitution. Those conditions may not be comprehensive enough to cover the situation in Louisiana, but that fact could not affect the duty of the President. In January Attorney-General TAFT had telegraphed on behalf of President GRANT: "Nor has actual domestic violence against State authorities been shown, to justify a proclamation which must precede the President's order to suppress insurrection or domestic violence by the military." There is no doubt that President GRANT would have declined to act in Louisiana, as President HAYES did, until the constitutional case was presented. The result has been the practical settlement of the Louisiana question so far as it can be settled by the national Government. The insinuation that the Administration has betrayed its trust in this matter is not only untrue, but unworthy of Republicans, who should at least have the courage to condemn their own Administration directly and not by innuendo.

THE TORY ATTACK ON MR. GLADSTONE.

MR. HANBURY, a Tory member of Parliament, recently announced amid loud cheers that he should move, in proper Parliamentary phrase, that Mr. GLADSTONE's article upon the employment of the Indian troops in Europe is seditious. This is simply unmitigated Tory nonsense, as the *Spectator* says. Mr. GLADSTONE's article, after showing the unconstitutionality of the act of the ministry, proceeds to point out its consequences in the most trenchant way. The article is one of the most powerful of his recent writings. He shows that under this policy England will use India "as we use a steam-engine, and shall consult her just as much. She will have just as much control over the expenditure of her own blood as the locomotive over the consumption of fuel—at least this alone will be her share, unless and until she explodes......Will India be content? Can India be content? Ought India to be content?" This, Mr. HANBURY says, is seditious because it fosters a mutinous spirit and resistance to the Government.

So does any argument in Parliament that the Government is pursuing an unjust and unconstitutional policy. It fosters mutiny and resistance by showing to soldiers that they are under the command of a Government which may order them to enforce injustice. Such a position would silence the press and Parliament together, and no despot could ask any thing more favorable to his designs. Mr. GLADSTONE's paper is an appeal to the people of England to see that the advisers of the Queen are urging her to take a course which, for cogent reasons that he states, will alienate a large part of her subjects and lead them into rebellion, and the party of these advisers try to silence him by crying traitor. Who is the traitor? The man who pursues the policy that Mr. GLADSTONE describes, or he who exposes it? When the news of Concord and Lexington reached England, Lord CHATHAM exclaimed in Parliament, "I am glad that they have resisted." And a month after BURGOYNE surrendered, he said, "If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms—never, never, never!" The court was all-powerful, and the Parliament was servile to it. But no Mr. HANBURY was so foolish as to move a censure upon Lord CHATHAM as a traitor.

England is not at war, and in a time of peace, without permission of Parliament, the Government orders native troops from India into Europe. The legal relations of the Indian Empire to England are such that, in the opinion of Mr. GLADSTONE and of the most eminent lawyers, the act is unlawful. It is a subject as much open to free debate as a tariff or a postal law, and the answer is characteristic of Tory stupidity and tyranny—a motion that opposition is treasonable. The servility of this Parliament to Lord BEACONSFIELD is incredible. It asks in vain about his policy or measures. His lofty answer is that it is not best to reveal them, and thus intimates that it is the duty of Parliament to vote supplies, while he will dispose of them. Meanwhile it remains to be seen whether the substantial provisions of the Treaty of San Stefano will be modified, and whether, by refusing to join in preventing the war, English Tory counsels have not given a great advantage to Russia.

THE EXPENSES OF THE LOUISIANA COMMISSION.

THE character of the gentlemen who composed the Louisiana Commission is the surest defense against any discreditable imputation. But as the Senate refused to authorize the payment of their expenses, Governor BROWN immediately sent his check to the Secretary of the Treasury, and Mr. MACVEAGH addressed the following note to the Philadelphia *Times*. The Secretary has, of course, declined to receive the check, saying that if Congress should decline, upon full knowledge of the facts, to authorize the payment, the President would pay the expenses of the Commission:

"*To the Editor of the Times:*

"I am very sorry that the correspondence published this morning between Governor BROWN and Secretary SHERMAN respecting the expenses of our Commission obliges me to ask the publication of this note.

"Before starting South the desire was plainly expressed that we should be allowed to defray our own expenses; but we were answered that as it was a public service, to which we were invited by the President, it was proper that the Treasury only should pay them.

"Accordingly a Treasury agent accompanied us, who contracted and settled the principal bills without consultation with us, but I have no reason whatever to believe that any improper expenditure was made by him. It was published that his payment to me was for car-fare from Harrisburg to Washington, when the fact was that I had expended in connection with the Commission, in various items from first to last, $59 82, and these expenditures only he properly repaid me; and, I presume, his other payments were equally accurate and proper. As we were required to lose more time from our business than had been expected, it was intended to offer us moderate compensation for the time which had been occupied, and this purpose was only abandoned upon an explicit statement that we would not accept any thing.

"Just as soon as we learned that our expenses were still unpaid, and several days before any mention of the subject in Congress, we began to consult as to the best method of securing the privilege of paying them. I did not believe Secretary SHERMAN would accept the check of any one member in partial payment; but I still believe that when we unite in paying the whole amount, protecting General HAWLEY, in his absence, by acting for him as for ourselves, we will be permitted to do so. It would have been more easy, as well as more agreeable, to have done it without publicity, but it can still be done.

"That is the whole story of the expenses of the Louisiana Commission; and political rancor, however malignant, can not find any thing in it which is not entirely creditable.

"As to the results of our mission, good men may differ in opinion a little longer; but for myself I am more than ever satisfied with my part in it, and I continue serene and happy on the subject, because I know that no misrepresentations of us, our motives, or our conduct, can impair in the slightest degree the greater measure of peace, security, and prosperity which both races are now enjoying in Louisiana.

"WAYNE MACVEAGH.

"PHILADELPHIA, *June* 21, 1878."

THE HARVARD EXAMINATIONS FOR WOMEN.

WE have received from one of the ladies actively interested in the Harvard examinations for women a statement of the results of this year. It is an enterprise, as our readers probably know, wholly independent of what is technically called the Woman's Rights movement, although it is a practical assertion of the right of every woman who has the capacity and the desire to pursue studies under precisely the same advantages as men. Harvard, which, like all old universities, is very conservative, will not admit women to her halls except to hear lectures; but she is willing to prescribe studies and to conduct examinations for them elsewhere, and under circumstances that prevent the question of association of the sexes in a college from being raised. The matter in New York is under the direction of well-known ladies, and the results hitherto have fully vindicated the wisdom of the examinations.

In 1874 the class which met in Boston numbered only seven. This season about fifty candidates have presented themselves in four cities—Boston, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, and New York—where there were sixteen. Of these, three took half the preliminary examination last year, and complete the course now; and of the rest, two have offered for the whole at once. Three of those who were here in 1877 take the advanced examination in Philadelphia this season, and two others will complete their course there. The examination was held, as before, in a private house, and by written papers—a method which has long been recognized as affording a close test of actual knowledge. "Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man." The chief object of the whole work is to promote thoroughness of teaching and study. The committee hope, by the kindness of the examiners, to be able to send out this season a report on the result of this week's labors, which will explain the probable reason of such failures as occur. Young persons unaccustomed to such work often fail to show how much they know from lack of readiness in using their knowledge, or a timidity that occasions unnecessary blunders. The committee think that if the schools would adopt written examinations as part of their regular system of teaching, their pupils would appear to greater advantage when thus tested by Harvard, and they are greatly gratified by the spirit of the young women, who were steadily occupied for five hours a day during the examination. Next year the examinations will be again held in early June, and all applications and inquiries should be addressed to the Secretary of the Local Committee, 59 East Twenty-fifth Street.

Mrs. ORR, in the last number of the *Nineteenth Century*, holds that the true and perilous consequence of the success of the "woman movement" would be a radical change in the nature of women, which she deprecates. But even Mrs. ORR could not complain of scholastic examinations for women, which would only heighten the feminine charm upon which she insists.

PERSONAL.

EARL RUSSELL's funeral was a very simple one, the procession consisting of a hearse, one mourning coach, and two private carriages. The chief mourner was the new earl, the little grandson of the earl, and son of the late Viscount AMBERLEY, now thirteen years old.

—The Queen has conferred the order of G. C. B. on Mr. LAYARD, British ambassador to Turkey, which makes him Sir HENRY LAYARD. He has been before the public as a literary man and diplomatist since 1839, when he was only twenty-two.

—Sir FRANCIS HENRY GOLDSMID, who died recently in London, bequeathed $125,000 to the University College of London, which until recently was the only university in that country open to Jew and Gentile alike. He also left $125,000 to the University Hospital, and $50,000 to the Jewish Reform Synagogue. The bulk of his fortune, estimated at $2,500,000, is bequeathed to his sister, Mrs. NATHANIEL MONTEFIORE, and her two sons.

—A letter from Cummington, Massachusetts, where Mr. BRYANT was born, says that he had always helped to support public worship in that town, and for some years contributed to the Unitarian church at the west village. Lately he attended the orthodox church in East Cummington, whither he would walk from his house —a distance of about five miles—and almost invariably go to sleep in a most sweet and peaceful manner in his pew during the sermon, rising punctiliously, however, when the village choir began to torture the air with the hymn.

—Dr. LEMOYNE, of Pennsylvania, who owns the fiery furnace in which people are cremated, has given $20,000 to a colored school in Tennessee.

—Sir HENRY THOMPSON, the eminent British surgeon, has discovered that by the aid of the microphone he can discover accurately the existence of even the smallest obstructing substance which may be in the body. He imagines, too, that by the same instrument he can learn the exact position of a small bullet. In fact, the microphone will be a grand discoverer not only in surgical cases, but in physiology.

—Professor MENDENHALL, of the Ohio State University, has been appointed Professor of Physics in the Imperial University of Japan, at a salary of $5000 a year.

—The first instance on record where a Chinese man has given a collection of books to an American institution, has just occurred in New Haven, where YUNG WING, a graduate of Yale College, has given to the college library a valuable collection of Chinese books, numbering about 1300 volumes, embracing classical, historical, and poetical works, encyclopedias, etc.

—The munificent gift to Lehigh University, by Judge ASA PACKER, of a beautiful library building, as a memorial of his daughter, was completed and opened a few days since. It has shelf room for 70,000 books, and place can be made for 30,000 more; 6000 volumes are now on the shelves, and large purchases are now being made.

—Mr. CUTTING's donation of $70,000 to St. Ann's Church, Brooklyn, has moved other opulent Churchmen to deeds of munificence. Among wealthy members of the Episcopal Church the desirability of having in this city a cathedral worthy of the city itself and of that Church has frequently been the subject of discussion. It is now understood that at the annual Diocesan Convention, to be held on the last Wednesday of September next, a prominent Church family will tender through the bishop a contribution of $200,000 toward a fund for the erection of a cathedral. Two other subscriptions of $25,000 each have also been tendered, and it is believed that a million of dollars will be subscribed at an early day.

—Innumerable stories about Lord BEACONSFIELD are now current in London. Here is one: A Conservative peer was expressing to the Premier the anxiety with which he looked forward to his prolonged absence from England. "It won't be a long business," was the re-assuring reply; and, after a pause, Lord BEACONSFIELD added, "We mean to carry the position by a koo di mang" (*coup de main*). The peer in question moved away, muttering as he went, "They may say what they like about his being a foreigner, about his character being un-English; but, at any rate, there is one thing that is unmistakably British, and that is—his French."

—Ex-Governor SEYMOUR has offered a $50 medal as a prize for general excellence in cheese manufacture, to be shown at the proposed cheese fair at Utica in the autumn. He says that he has been writing to General SHERMAN, to learn if cheese could be made one of the rations of the army, and has received a cordial reply.

—Mr. CHARLES E. STOWE, son of Professor STOWE and HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, was lately licensed at Hartford to preach, by the Congregational Association. The examination is said to have been of a most interesting character, and was protracted for the pleasure the examiners experienced in contact with a brilliant, original, and well-disciplined mind and a thorough scholar. The Rev. Mr. STOWE was graduated at Harvard, and after a course of theology in this country, spent some two years abroad, principally at Bonn. His first sermon is alluded to as very clear and able, and delivered without notes.

—"Mlle. Stella Faustina" (Miss MARY BROWN), of Boston, is soon to appear in London under the name of "Mlle. Stella Corva." The London *Figaro* says: "This young lady's career has been a curious one. Born in the United States, she has been educated at Brussels by an Austrian professor at the expense of the Queen of Holland; she is engaged by a Moldavian, who has subcontracted her—firstly to an Italian, and afterward to an Englishman. And yet some people deny that art is cosmopolitan."

—It is generally believed in London that, in the event of a successful issue of his mission to Berlin, the Earl of Beaconsfield will be made a duke. In the history of England, since the Revolution, the Duke of Beaconsfield will be, with one exception, the only man who has ever risen by Parliamentary talents alone from the position of a Commoner to the highest rank of the peerage. CHARLES MONTAGU, perhaps the greatest of Parliamentary figures before PITT, only died an earl, though his descendants are Dukes of Manchester. The English dukes, as a body, are either the descendants of great feudal nobles, like the Dukes of Norfolk and Northumberland, or of kings' mistresses, like the Dukes of St. Albans, Richmond, and Grafton, or of great soldiers, like the Dukes of Marlborough and Wellington. The Duke of Portland, who seems to be an exception, descends from the favorite of a king (though a most worthy one) rather than from an English statesman. The other man is Sir THOMAS OSBORNE, the Tory Yorkshire squire, who, possessing scarcely any special ability, save that of Mr. DISRAELI—the ability for managing Parliaments—rose under CHARLES II., JAMES II., and WILLIAM to be Earl of Danby. He skipped, like Lord BEACONSFIELD, two steps of the ladder —Marquis of Caermarthen and Duke of Leeds.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

GENERAL MACKENZIE's Mexican expedition has returned to this side of the river. A dispatch to the Galveston *News*, from San Antonio, says that he had no fight, but recovered 400 head of stock. He chased the regular Mexican troops, under Colonel Pedro Voldiz, twice, but could not overtake them. General Mackenzie reached Fort Clark on the 21st ult. A telegram from Concho City states that Desiderio A. Poduca, second in command of the San Elizario company, and who commanded the firing party in December last that executed Howard, Atkinson, and M'Bride, was arrested on the 16th ult., by State troops.

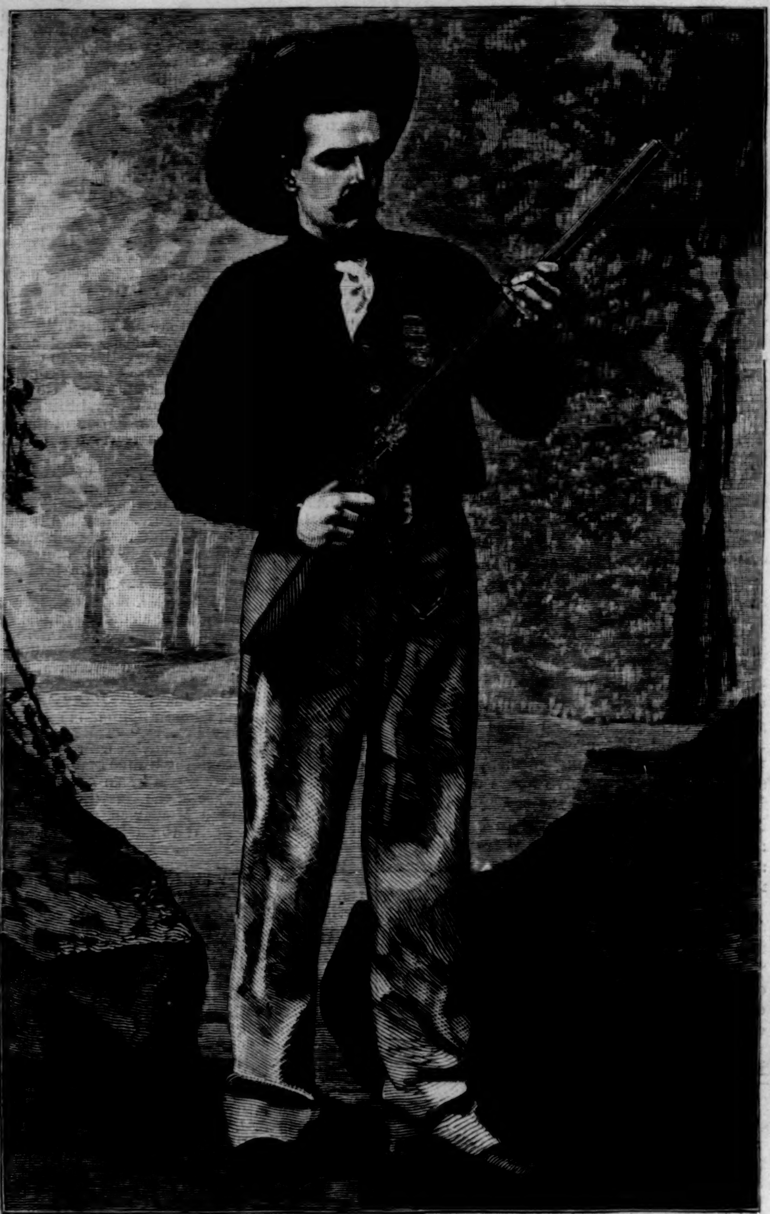
The Illinois Republicans met at Springfield, on the 26th ult., and nominated General J. C. Smith for State Treasurer. The Ohio Democrats met, the same day, at Columbus, and nominated David R. Paige for Secretary of State.

Colonel Bernard's recent fight with the Indians at Curry Creek resulted in a victory for our troops, who numbered only 200 men. The Indians were surprised, and forty of them were killed. The soldiers were very cool when the charge was made. The Indian force present was estimated at 700, but it was probably not so large. The Indians retreated to their strongholds in Stein's Mountain. It is estimated that the whole number of Indian warriors will reach 2000; 103 camp fires were counted.

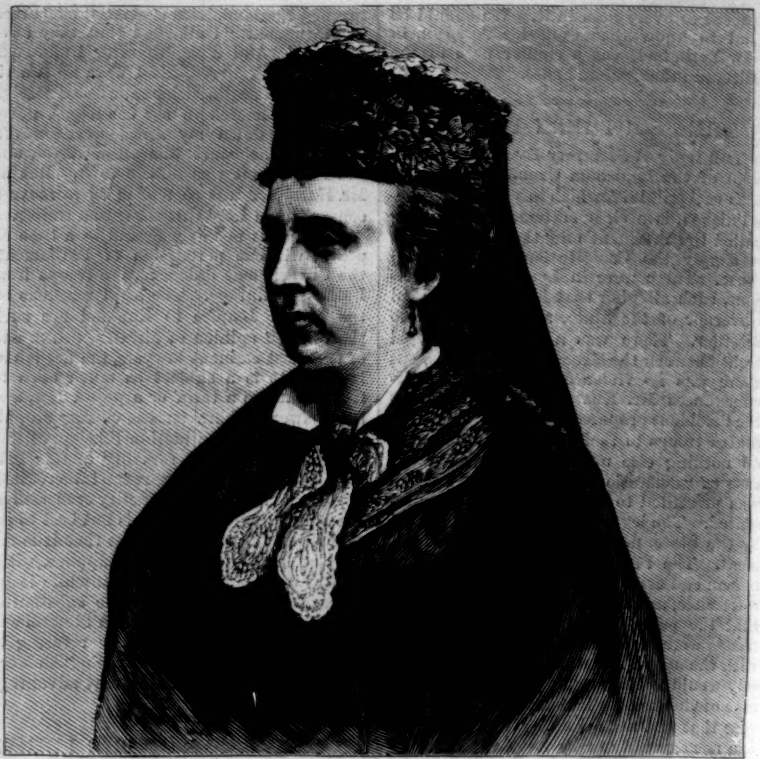
FOREIGN NEWS.

THE EASTERN QUESTION: The proceedings of the Congress during the week have not been officially made known, but the correspondents at Berlin agree in reporting that the question of the form of the new states, especially of Bulgaria, is now substantially arranged. An agreement is said to have been arrived at in principle respecting the south, east, and north frontiers of the new principality, but the western frontier has not yet been fixed. The task of settling the exact delimitations of the frontiers has been intrusted to a European commission, which, it is believed, has been already appointed. It has been agreed, also, to dismantle the fortresses on the Danube and in Bulgaria. The London *Post's* dispatch says that it has been decided that the Russians should withdraw from Roumelia in six and from Bulgaria in nine months. After their withdrawal mixed European troops will temporarily occupy the provinces. Russia has ordered Montenegro and Servia to arrange a compromise with Austria relative to their claims.—It is reported that Austria demands from the Porte 7,000,000 florins for maintaining the Bosnian refugees, or in lieu of the money the cession of Klek, Suttorina, Trebonje, Smoski, and Sivno. A dispatch from Constantinople says Austria will demand in the Congress authorization to escort the Bosnian refugees back to their homes, and, it is said, will urge that the duration of the escort's stay in Bosnia be left unfixed.—Greece has concluded a loan in Paris of $10,000,000. The Turkish admiral has requested all foreign ships in the harbor of Canea to leave. A dispatch of the 27th ult. says that fighting had then been going on for three days at Apocorona.

Queen Mercedes of Spain died in Madrid on the 26th ult., after a short illness, of gastric fever. She was but eighteen years of age, and had been married to King Alfonso only six months. Portraits of the young Queen were published in *Harper's Weekly* for February 9, 1878, and *Harper's Bazar* for March 23, 1878.



DR. W. F. CARVER, THE CELEBRATED MARKSMAN.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY PACH.]



MRS. AGNES D. JENKS.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY, WASHINGTON, D. C.]

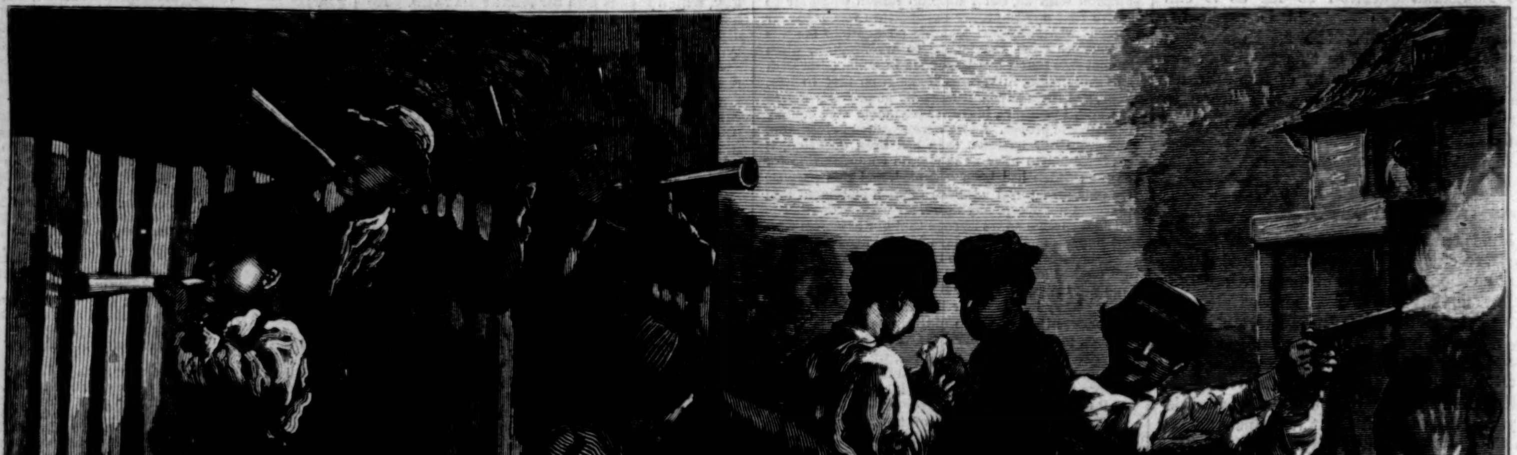
MRS. AGNES D. JENKS.

THE coolness, self-possession, and piquant shrewdness displayed by this lady under the keen cross-questioning of General BUTLER before the POTTER investigating committee have attracted attention all over the country, and there will be general interest in the portrait which we give of her. She is a lady of attractive appearance and fascinating manners. She is of medium height, and has a full figure, a bright round face, gray, expressive eyes, small mouth, brown hair, and regular features. Her hands are unusually small. She is about thirty-five years old, dresses plainly, and wears no jewelry. In her answers she was very deliberate, and always exasperating.

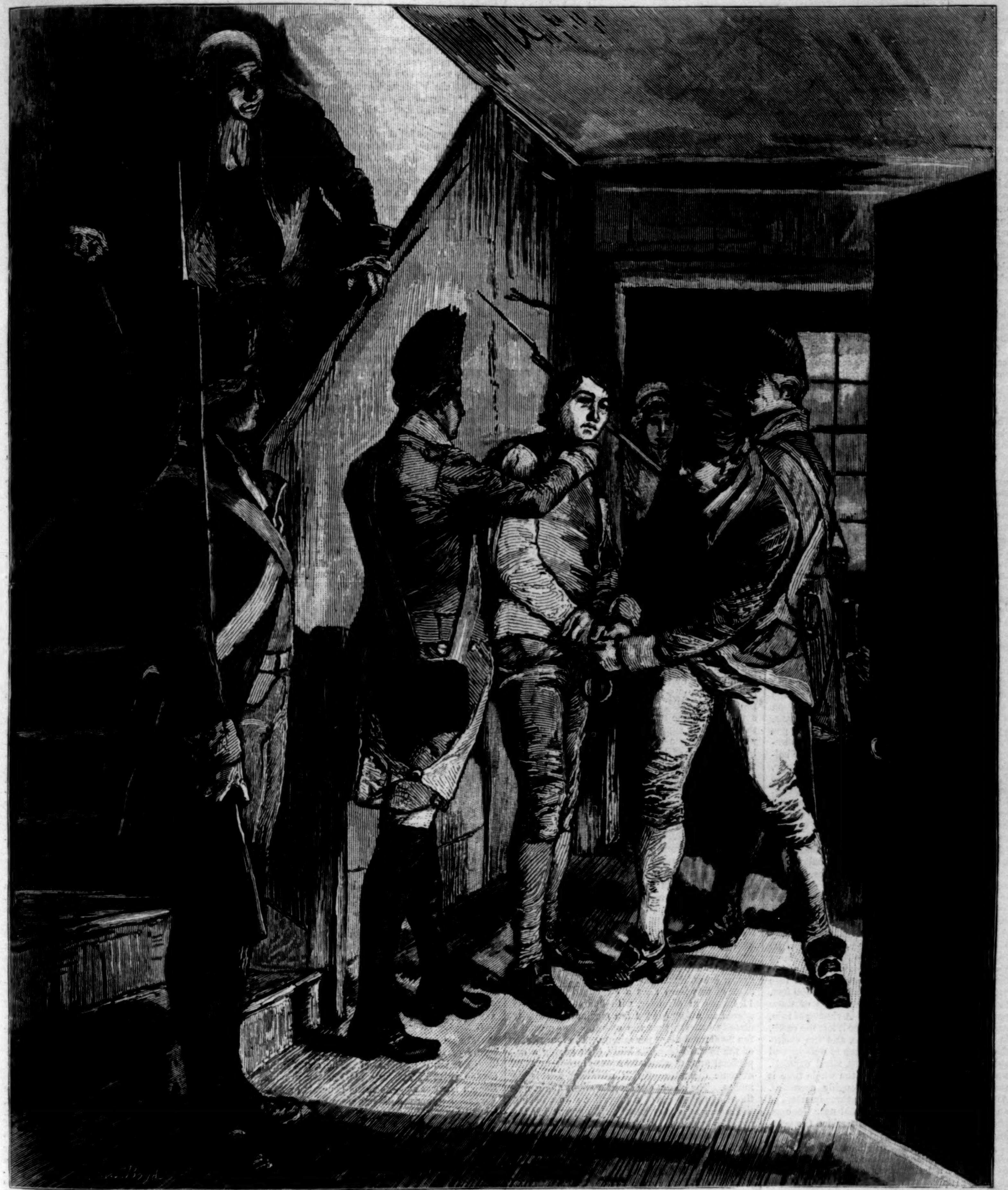
A WONDERFUL MARKSMAN.

DR. CARVER, whose wonderful exploits with the rifle have excited admiration all over the country, was born at Saratoga, New York, in 1840. When he was four years old his parents removed to Minnesota. The following year they were killed by Indians, and the son was carried off by the Dakotas, with whom he lived sixteen years. He was brought up with the Indian boys, became an expert marksman with the bow and rifle, and by the time he was nine years old his skill was regarded by the savages as something superhuman. He killed buffalo and deer, shooting from the hip, and never raised the rifle to his eye when shooting at standing or sitting game.

His marvellous skill at length attracted the attention of a white man named SWEELY, who induced him to go to the Mississippi River for the purpose of shooting matches with the whites. He shot at different places along the river, creating great astonishment, and finally landed in the little town of Winslow, Illinois. Here he got four years' schooling, and learned to read and write. But a civilized life disagreed with him. He became restless, and finally went back to the plains and began killing buffalo for mar-



INAUGURATING THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.—[DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART FROM A SKETCH BY H. N. CADY.]



ARREST OF A PATRIOT—A REVOLUTIONARY INCIDENT.—[DRAWN BY E. A. ABBEY.]

ket. He is credited with killing more buffalo than any man north of the Platte, shooting most of them with a rifle while his horse was on a dead run.

After several years of wild life, full of stirring adventures, CARVER went to San Francisco, where he endeavored to master the profession of dentistry. He soon, however, relapsed into his old habits, and roamed about the country in search of game. His skill in shooting drew him into several matches with expert shots. In San Francisco he was matched to shoot glass balls with BOGARDUS. The captain used a double-barrelled shot-gun, and the doctor a rifle. There were five matches in all. Each won one, and the other three were ties. His next match was for $500. He was to break 225 glass balls out of 300. He broke 241. Soon afterward he shot a match with JOHN RUTH, breaking 885 balls out of 1000. RUTH used a shot-gun, and the doctor his rifle. RUTH gave up the contest after scoring 50. On winning this match the doctor received a magnificent gold badge nearly as large as a door-plate, and fully as heavy. It is capped with the image of a grizzly bear nearly two inches long, made of solid gold.

Dr. CARVER won many other matches, which we have not space to describe. At Omaha he succeeded in breaking 1993 balls out of 2000, at ten paces. At from twelve to fifteen yards he will break as many balls as one man can keep in the air, reloading at every shot. He can throw two balls into the air at once, break one, reload his rifle, and shatter the second before it reaches the ground. Dr. CARVER generally uses a ten-pound Winchester rifle, with a 28-inch barrel and 44 calibre; but the pattern of the rifle makes little difference to him, provided it can be quickly loaded.

At Logansport, Indiana, he hit with a rifle-ball seventeen successive trade dollars thrown over a tree, and stopped shooting only when the Hoosiers refused to risk their dollars. The doctor shoots at half dollars and dimes tossed in the air, and knocks the spots out of nickels. He says that when a bullet strikes a nickel the coin hums like a bumble-bee, but the dimes, quarters, halves, and dollars make no noise, the bullet passing through them. Dr. CARVER declares that he has broken glass balls while he was mounted and his horse was in the act of leaping a fence four feet high. He says that he never takes sight while shooting from the shoulder or from the hip. He can give no explanation, but says that it comes natural. Most of his matches have been shot at from fifteen to twenty yards.

Dr. CARVER is a handsome, well-proportioned man, six feet two inches high, and weighs 196 pounds. He has auburn locks, a red mustache, a ruddy complexion, regular features, clear brown eyes, and a good-natured expression, and wears no flashy jewelry. He wears a broad-brimmed felt hat of a light color, and neither drinks nor smokes. While he takes a pardonable pride in exhibiting his medals, and does not hesitate to tell what he can do, he never refers to his exploits in a boastful manner.

This wonderful marksman, who is now in this city, intends to visit Europe some time in August and give exhibitions of his skill. On the approach of winter he will go to Africa to try his rifle on big game, and may afterward visit Australia on his way back to California.

FLYING MACHINES.

GRECIAN fable points to the Athenian monarch Dædalus, contemporary of Theseus and Minos, as the inventor of the first flying machine. Celebrated in poetic fiction as an artist and mechanician, the mythical story of his having crossed the Ægean by means of wings of his own construction is but one of many tributes to his inventive genius. Later on, the classics allude to many heroes who were successful in navigating the air; but the accounts when carefully examined usually resolve themselves into exaggerated stories of feats performed on ropes, wings having been probably employed for the purpose of making the exhibition more attractive, or perhaps to render the performance less difficult by the resistance to the air. Other instances are on record of persons who, by contrivances resembling the modern parachute, descended obliquely to the ground from the summits of high towers. Some time during the thirteenth or fourteenth century a monk named Elmerus is said to have flown more than a furlong from the top of a tower in Spain. The distance is, however, probably much exaggerated. In the seventeenth century Besnier, a lock-smith at Sable, in France, who prudently began from windows one story high, finally ventured to leap from very elevated positions, and so passed successfully over houses and also rivers of considerable width. All these were feats destitute of utility, though they encouraged the expectation of better results which was cherished by some of the most scientific men of that period. Bishop Wilkins (1648), in particular, devoted much attention to the subject. Perceiving the inadequacy of the human arm and the muscles which move it to give sufficiently rapid motion to wings of sufficient size, he suggests that "it were therefore worth the inquiry to consider whether this might not be more probably effected by the labor of the feet, which are naturally more strong and indefatigable." So confident was the good bishop of success, that he anticipated the time when a man should as readily call for his wings to make a journey as he did then for his boots and horse.

The first really important step toward what is learnedly called aerostation was made by the discovery of the balloon. This resulted from the experiments of two brothers, Stephen and Joseph Montgolfier, sons of a paper-maker at Annonay, a French town about forty miles from Lyons. The young men had observed the suspension of clouds in the atmosphere, and it occurred to them that if they could inclose any vapor of the nature of a cloud in a large and very light bag, it might rise and carry the bag with it into the air. They accordingly made experiments, inflating bags with smoke from a fire made underneath, and found either that the smoke or some vapor emitted from the fire did ascend and carry the bag with it. Being thus assured of the correctness of their views, they determined to have a public ascent of a balloon on a large scale. They accordingly invited the States of Vivarais, then assembled at Annonay, to witness their aerostatic experiment; and on June 5, 1783, in the presence of a considerable concourse of spectators, a linen globe of 105 feet in circumference was inflated over a fire fed with small bundles of chopped straw. When released it rose rapidly to a great height, and descended at the expiration of ten minutes at a distance of one and one-half miles. The news of this remarkable experiment spread to Paris, and a subscription was started for the purpose of raising money to repeat the experiment. This time the balloon was made of silk, varnished with a solution of gum, and through the suggestion of M. Charles, a professor of natural philosophy, hydrogen gas was substituted for the vapor emitted by the burning straw. During the process of filling the balloon, which took place at the Place de Victoire, the excitement became intense, and bulletins were issued daily noting the progress of the inflation. Finally the crowd throughout the neighborhood became so great that it was deemed wise to change the location. Accordingly the balloon was removed to the Champ de Mars—a distance of two miles. This was done secretly in the middle of the night, and the appearance of the balloon on its travels, preceded by lighted torches and escorted by a detachment of soldiers, is described by those who witnessed it as very remarkable. On the day of the ascent, which took place on the 27th of August, 1783, an immense concourse of people covered the Champ de Mars, and every point in the vicinity from which a view could be obtained was crowded. At five in the afternoon a cannon was discharged as a signal, after which the balloon was immediately let loose. It rose with great rapidity to a height of some 3000 feet, more than satisfying the expectations of those connected with the enterprise. A shower of rain, which began to fall directly after it left the earth, in no way checked its progress, and the excitement was so great that thousands of well-dressed spectators, many of them ladies, stood exposed, watching the balloon intently the whole time it was in sight, and were thoroughly drenched. After remaining in the air some three-quarters of an hour, the balloon fell in a field near Gonesse, about fifteen miles distant, and terrified the peasantry so that they tore it into shreds.

After this, frequent experiments of the same character were made, but the first human being to mount in a balloon was a young Frenchman named François Pilâtre de Rosier. On the 15th of October, 1783, and on several subsequent occasions, he made successful voyages through the air; but his enthusiasm in regard to ballooning finally resulted in his death. The honor of having made the first ascension in England has been ascribed to two persons—a literary man named Tytler and a foreigner called Lunardi. Although the former justly claims precedence by a few days, his attempts and partial success attracted little attention, while Lunardi's experiments excited the greatest enthusiasm, and were finally the means of introducing aerostation to the notice of English scientists. Lunardi's original balloon was 33 feet in circumference, and was exposed to public view at the Lyceum, in the Strand, where it was visited by upward of 20,000 people. After some difficulties in regard to arrangements, it was decided that the balloon should ascend from the Artillery Grounds, and on September 15 the inflation with hydrogen gas took place. It was intended that Mr. Bigin, an Englishman, should accompany Lunardi; but the crowd became impatient, and the latter deemed it prudent to ascend alone, with the balloon only partially filled, rather than risk longer delay. Unable to enjoy human companionship, he took with him a pigeon, a dog, and a cat, and made an ascent in the presence of the Prince of Wales and an enormous crowd of spectators. Shortly after starting, the pigeon escaped, and within an an hour and a half he descended in Hertfordshire and landed the cat, which had suffered from the cold. He then ascended again, and descended after a lapse of three-quarters of an hour at Standon, near Ware, where he had great difficulty in inducing the peasants to come to his assistance. Finally a young woman seized one of the cords, and called the men to follow her, which they did.

The excitement caused by this ascent was immense, and Lunardi at once became the star of the hour. He was presented to the king, and was courted and flattered on all sides. To show the enthusiasm displayed by the people during his ascent, he tells in one of his own letters how a lady, mistaking an oar which he dropped for himself, was so affected by his supposed destruction that she died in a few days; but, on the other hand, he says he was told by the judges that he had certainly saved the life of a young man, who might possibly be reformed, and be to the public a compensation for the death of the lady, for the jury were deliberating on the death of a criminal whom they must ultimately have condemned, when the balloon appeared, and every one became inattentive, and to save time they gave a verdict of acquittal, and the whole court came out to see the balloon. The king, also, was in conference with his ministers, but, on hearing that the balloon was passing, he broke up the discussion, remarking that they might resume their deliberations, but that perhaps they might not see Lunardi again; upon which he, Mr. Pitt, and the other ministers viewed the balloon through telescopes. From this time balloon ascensions frequently took place in England, the populace taking immense interest in such exhibitions. The result was the expenditure of large amounts of money and the loss of a few lives; but the balloon still remained a toy, resisting all efforts on the part of scientists to make it of practical value. During the wars of the present century balloons have frequently been sent up for the purpose of observing the movements of the enemy, and ascents have also been made for scientific purposes, such as ascertaining the drift of aerial currents and the condition of the atmosphere at various heights. In the first case they were in some measure successful, but the contributions made to science through experimenting with balloons have been exceedingly small.

In the United States aerostation has been prosecuted with great zeal, and the adventures of Mr. Wise and other famous aeronauts have frequently served to amuse the public. Flying machines have also appeared from time to time, illustrating the force of Yankee ingenuity, but failing to command respect by their want of success. Recently, however, a new impulse has been given to the project of navigating the air by the invention of a flying machine in which the lifting power of the balloon is supplemented by a curious device which enables the operator to control his machine by the action of his feet. A full view of this novel air ship is given in the illustration on our front page.

The lifting power is afforded by a horizontally placed cylinder of "gossamer cloth" (fine linen coated with India rubber) 25 feet in length and 13 in diameter, weighing only 66 pounds, and charged with hydrogen gas, which is made by the usual process from iron turnings and sulphuric acid. Broad worsted bands extend over that and down to a rod of mandrel-drawn brass tubing, nickel-plated, 1½ inches in diameter and 23 feet long. From that rod the machine is suspended by slender cords. The after-portion of the machine is at the base a parallelogram of rods 2 feet wide and 5½ feet long, from which rise lengthwise curved rods 18 inches high in the centre, and drawn near together at the top. All these rods are in reality hollow tubes of mandrel-drawn brass, light and very strong. Above the apex of this form rises a cog-edged steel wheel 11 inches in diameter, with double handles so geared to a four-bladed fan moving horizontally directly beneath that the operator can give the fan 2000 revolutions per minute. The four blades of the fan are of white holly, each having a superficial area of about 50 square inches, and the extreme diameter of this revolving fan is 24 inches. The blades are set at a slight angle, like those of the screw of a propeller. Just behind the wheel is a very small seat, upon which the operator perches. His feet rest upon two light treadles above and in front of the fan. From the front of this form spring other rods, carrying at their extremity a vertically working revolving fan like that beneath the operator's seat, except that it is but 22 inches in diameter. It is so geared to the main or horizontal fan that it may be operated or not, at the pleasure of the driver of the machine, and can be made to turn from one side to the other so as to deflect the course of the machine in the air. This fan will make 2800 revolutions per minute when the other is making 2000. All its movements are controlled by the operator's feet. When he presses the left treadle he throws it into gear, when he presses with the toe of his right foot it turns to the left, and a slight pressure of his heel whirls it over to the right. He can also reverse the action of his main fan, so that when it whirls one way he goes down, and when its course is reversed he mounts in the air.

The great problem which inventors of flying machines have always before them is the arrangement of a device by which they shall be able to propel their frail vessels in the face of an adverse current. Until this end shall have been achieved there will be little practical value to any invention of the kind. In Professor Ritchell's machine, however, the difficulty has been in a great measure overcome. On the occasion of the trial trip, which took place on Wednesday, June 12, at Hartford, Connecticut, the new air ship rose to a height of 200 feet, and sailed off until over the Connecticut River, the operator meanwhile exhibiting his power to change its altitude and direction at will. When he ascended there was but little wind blowing, and the machine appeared to be under perfect control; but gradually a breeze sprang up, and it was deemed safest to make a speedy return, as there were indications in the sky of a gathering storm. The machine turned and made its way back in the teeth of the wind until directly over the ball ground whence it had ascended, and then alighted within a few feet of the point from which it had started.

It yet remains to be seen whether the new machine can be perfected so as to make it available for any useful purpose. At present, however, it is a great success to the inventor, vindicating so thoroughly as it does the correctness of the principles upon which its construction was based.

EUROPE AND ASIA.

While a European Congress is discussing the destiny of Asia, while Lord Beaconsfield seems about to enforce upon the age the airy visions of his youth, renew an imperial throne upon the fallen dynasties of the East, convert his Queen into a new Semiramis, the mistress of Babylon and of India, it is interesting to review the story of the brief and often interrupted intercourse between Europe and its Asiatic neighbors. Asia, in fact, was the early seat of all the European races. The theory is well established—it is the fruit of the philological researches of the present century—that Europe was settled by a horde or hordes of immigrants, who passed along the borders of the Caspian Sea, dispersed themselves over the wilderness, from the mouth of the Volga to the Atlantic, displaced the original inhabitants, the people of a bronze or stone age, lacustrines, or the companions of the cave-elephant and the hyena, and founded a new population. Latins, Greeks, Celts, Germans, are all the products of this general immigration, and in the heart of India is found a highly cultivated language—the Sanskrit—spoken by a race descended from the same stock as the American and the German. So similar are the familiar words of daily life in the Hindoo tongue to those in use in Europe, that the natives of the two continents call their fathers, mothers, brothers, daughters, almost by the same endearing sounds. On this resemblance of language the theory is founded that makes nearly all the European nations of one common family. It fixes the mythical period of the emigration of the Asiatic hordes to Europe about 1500 or 1800 B.C., and it ventures even to point out on the highlands of Central Asia the extensive region whence this singular migration began.

But, however close the early connection, Europe seems soon to have been lost to the knowledge of the Asiatics who had peopled it. Centuries passed away, until at last Phœnician, Greek, and probably Hebrew fleets made their way over the Mediterranean, endured its real and fabulous terrors, discovered the charms of Italy and the boundless wealth of Spain. The next important trait in the connection of the two continents was the effort of the Persian rulers to conquer the extreme West. Asia poured its hosts upon Greece. The fleets of Tyre and the squadrons of Mesopotamia were driven back at Marathon, and wrecked at Salamis. The European had proved his superiority to the Asiatic in arts and arms, and next followed the complete subjection of the chief Asiatic empire by Alexander, the invasion of India, the founding of a kingdom on the banks of the Oxus, the rise of the great Greek powers that held so long the whole East in chains. Alexandria, Antioch, Babylon, were the centres whence Asia was ruled, whose rulers sometimes met in friendly councils and congresses to decide the Eastern questions of the day, whose Bismarck or Beaconsfield was sometimes more potent than his nominal master, but whose conferences often terminated in savage contests that dyed Syria in blood, and covered the sea with the wrecks of Asiatic commerce. The Eastern question was at last decided by Rome. The great Greek States fell almost at the command of the haughty offspring of the Forum. Cæsar and Pompey confirmed the fall of the East. The conscientious Cicero ruled successfully his Eastern province. Roman lawyers succeeded the generals of Alexander. Southern Asia had forever lost all its terrors for Europe. Its mighty empires dissolved at the approach of a Roman squadron, and for three centuries the feeble Asiatics, in luxury and decay, forgot that they had once aspired to the conquest of the world.

One portion of Asia seems to have remained wholly unknown to early Europe. Its central highlands, whence the Europeans are supposed to have descended, the great empire of China, and the wide northern steppes whence Tartar and Hun were finally driven by the valor of the Chinese, were lost and forgotten. In the age of Herodotus they were thought to be covered by a turbid ocean, and in that of the Antonines some faint knowledge of China, or the distant Serica, was made familiar to Europe. The early history of China is lost in fabulous legends; it is only about one hundred years before our era that its earliest historian wrote; the great wall was built 212 B.C.; and the researches of Richthofen seem to show that the Chinese Empire was already powerful about the time when Xerxes threatened Europe. But one important part the Chinese were destined to play in the annals of nations: they conquered and put to flight the ancestors of the modern European. Great armies of Chinese, supplied with the arms of civilization, invaded the desolate regions of the savage Huns, endured hardships scarcely credible, defeated the barbarians in their native seats, and drove them into Europe. Chinese Cæsars traversed regions from which the Roman would have turned in dismay, and Chinese legions showed a valor sometimes more than Roman. The consequences were remarkable; the flying savages entered Europe, overthrew its armies, gave rise to the new kingdoms of Italy, Germany, and France. The shock of Chinese valor was felt to the farthest boundaries of the West, and the fugitives from the power of the Chinese Emperors plundered Rome and desolated Attica. But time has again produced its unaccountable revolutions, the descendants of the flying Huns and vanquished Germans have outstripped their former conquerors. China has sunk into a feeble conservatism; European intelligence supplies it with a fresh impulse, and a few Europeans seem more than a match for the feeble millions of decaying Asia.

Yet twice within times comparatively modern has Asia startled and nearly conquered Europe. Once the Saracens penetrated to the centre of France and the walls of Constantinople; from the twelfth to the fifteenth centuries the Tartar hordes, descending in great swarms from the highlands of Central Asia, overran China and even India, and ravaged Eastern Europe to the heart of Hungary. From this time the power of Asia seemed to wane. China had long been an unknown land, whence an Arabian traveller, in the ninth century, brought the earliest account of its fine cities, its paper, its general education, and its tea. But all Central Asia was nearly closed to European observation, and only the threatening presence of the Asiatic Turks at Constantinople and the ravages of the Algerine pirates reminded Europe of the savage races who had so often issued from its sister continent. The veil was suddenly lifted by a few bold navigators. From the close of the sixteenth century Asia became once more familiar to Europeans; but it was no longer as a land to be feared. The country seemed to fall an easy prey to their arms. The Russians occupy the boundless regions whence, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, came the irresistible hordes of Timour and Batum. India submits to a European conqueror, and English lawyers and authors rule, like Cicero, over the countless millions of provincials. Dutch, French, Portugal, and Spain have long shared in the plunder of Asia. It seems scarcely possible that an Asiatic horde will ever again overrun Italy or ravage Greece. Yet, strangely enough, an army of Sepoys has already passed the Isthmus of Suez, and the daring policy of the English Minister once more threatens to summon the Asiatic hosts to the invasion of European soil. The Empress of India is prepared to play her part in the melodramatic spectacle, and it is suggested by a careful observer that Russia first showed a willingness to yield when the appearance of the black troops indicated the boundless resources of England in the East.

At present Europe has assumed the control of Asia, and the Congress at Berlin has met to decide a question that is altogether Eastern; for it is not Bulgaria nor even the straits and Constantinople that form the real aim of the controversy, but rather the dominion of Asia and the rival claims of the Empress of India and the modern Alexander. It is only because the road to her distant possession in the East is threatened, it is supposed, by the Russian advance to the south that England assumes the somewhat incongruous attitude of a warlike nation, and rallies her Oriental subjects to the defense of Malta, and perhaps Suez; arrays Asia against Europe, and revives, for the first time since the latest conquests of the Tartars and the Turks, its martial vigor. In the long and varied connection of the two continents, one of the most remarkable episodes seems about to be effected at the Congress of Berlin. Bismarck, Beaconsfield, and Schouvaloff are to preside over a real dismemberment of Asia. The whole lower portion below Erzerum and the Oxus, it would seem, will be abandoned or slowly transferred to the English protectorate; the Russian advance will be stopped by the thin barrier of another treaty. But the Russian conquests on the north will be secured by the countenance and assent of Europe, and the empire of China will be the only independent power left of all the great monarchies that once ruled the gorgeous East. Solomon or Xerxes, the Greek, the Roman, the Caliphs of Bagdad, Gengis and Timour, Aurungzebe and Hyder Ali, are to be succeeded by a council of traders in London and the Autocrat of all the Russias.

Such is the latest phase in the history of the Eastern question. Asia, manacled and in chains, sits humbly at the feet of her former captive. Some fierce Atossa alone wails over the flight of Xerxes. Yet the lesson of history forbids us to conclude that this condition of things can forever continue. Self-government is the law of human nature, and the course of knowledge will determine the future fate of empires. The Congress of Berlin can only legislate for a few years, and must then be forgotten.

Eugene Lawrence.

CURIOUS CHANCES.

A Versailles wine-shop keeper was at work in his cellar, when suddenly the ground gave way, and he fell into what was at first thought to be a well; but on lights being brought, the hole was found to be the entrance to another wine-cellar, containing some of the best vintages of France and Spain. The archæologists of Versailles were aroused; and their examination proves that this mysterious subterranean wine-cellar formed part of the Pavillon du Rendezvous, which Louis XV. annexed to the Parc-aux-Cerfs, about which so many queer things are related by the court chroniclers of the period. The wine is said to have attracted connoisseurs from all parts.—A farmer in the neighborhood of Tavistock was as lucky in another way. In repairing an old mahogany secrétaire, knocked down to him at an auction, he discovered a secret drawer containing forty sovereigns, a gold enamelled ring, and a lot of securities for money, one of which was a certificate for over five hundred pounds three per cent. consols. An old scrap of paper dated 1700 led to the belief that forty guineas had originally been placed there, but had been taken out in modern times and replaced by the sovereigns.

A French lady not long since frequently missed some of her valuables in a most unaccountable manner. One day her servant fell down stairs and was severely hurt. On acting the good Samaritan and pouring oil into her wounds, the mistress was astonished to find all her lost jewels in the pocket of her maid, who, it seems, had all the time been the culprit.—How much oftener accidents contribute to the loss of money scarcely needs comment; but the manner in which a gentleman lost all his winnings at play is worth repetition, as an instance of the fickleness of fate. He had won nine hundred pounds at the "green table" at Monaco, and was only waiting for his laundress to bring his dozen shirts home before he should quit the place. The laundress, however, did not turn up at the appointed time, and to while away the hours he went into the Casino. Of course he played—and not only lost all he had already won, but twelve hundred pounds besides, which made him heartily wish he had left the shirts behind, that cost him one hundred pounds apiece for the washing.

Among those who have been most remarkably affected by accidental surprises are the deaf and dumb, and tales of unknown antiquity relate how speech or hearing has been recovered or improved in this way. As a case in point: About 1750 a merchant of Cleves named Jorissen, who had become almost totally deaf, sitting one day near a harpsichord while some one was playing, and having a tobacco-pipe in his mouth, the bowl of which rested accidentally against the body of the instrument, was agreeably surprised to hear all the notes in the most distinct manner. This accident was a happy one, for Jorissen soon learned, by means of a piece of hard wood placed against his teeth, the other end of which was placed against the speaker's teeth, not only to keep up a conversation, but to understand the least whisper.—Other cures have been brought about less by skill than accidental circumstances. There is a story of a Frenchman who, through a sword-wound received in a duel, suffered from internal abscesses, which forced him to walk in a stooping posture. Some time after, becoming engaged in another affair of honor, this time with pistols, the bullet of his adversary chanced to pass exactly through the abscesses caused by the former wound, which, making them discharge, not only relieved him from the stoop, but caused him to walk with rather a stiff carriage ever afterward.

Not only have some of the ills to which human flesh is heir been cured by accident, but life itself has been preserved from destruction by the same means. Lives are often lost by accident, it is true; but how they have also been saved by the chance detention of passengers from travelling in ships or trains that have afterward become wrecked is well known. The writer can testify to the escape of a sailor from what is called a watery grave, owing to Jack happening to be tipsy, and incapable of taking his place in a boat putting off to a wreck on the Isle of Man coast, when invited by his companions to take an oar. The boat put off without him, and its crew were all drowned.—When a crowd collected on the banks of the St. Martin Canal, in France, not long since, it was a lucky thing that a man who lived near was urged by his wife to go and see what was the matter. Upon arriving on the scene of action he learned that a child had fallen into the water and disappeared. Being an expert swimmer, he plunged into the spot, marked by a few bubbles, and rescued alive *his own son*, a lad aged eight, who in playing had slipped over the bank.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

JULY.

Sunday, 14.—Fourth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 21.—Fifth Sunday after Trinity.
Thursday, 25.—St. James.
Sunday, 28.—Sixth Sunday after Trinity.

The second attempt on the life of the Emperor of Germany has stimulated inquiry into the religious and social condition of the empire. The first effect was seen in the offering of prayer for the Emperor's safety in the Prussian churches. The next has been the determination of the government to repress the socialistic movement by legislation. Nobiling still lives. The accounts of his former life and associations are so contradictory that we can hardly be said to know any thing definite of him.

German Socialism owes its origin to Lasalle, a man of culture who twenty-five years ago founded the Working-men's Association. He was of Jewish origin, as is also his once associate, Karl Marx. Lasalle conceived the idea of organizing the working-men of Germany politically in opposition to the middle classes. He found much to favor his schemes in the changes wrought in German society by the extension of manufacturing industries. The discontent created among so many of the German poor by the prevailing military system also inclined them to listen to Socialistic appeals. The party has some strength in the Imperial Parliament. From time to time specimens of its intensely anti-religious spirit have been given in this column.

Wild reports are flying through Europe in relation to the struggle of Pope Leo XIII. to get out of the Vatican, and the efforts of the cardinals to keep him in. The *National Zeitung*, of Germany, gets this report from Rome: "He is sometimes so ill that it seems as if he would be compelled to keep his bed. His doctors insist that he must go into the country for a long period; but the cardinals, with two or three exceptions, insist that he shall not yet leave Rome, and hope to prevent his leaving it at all. He has no longer sufficient vigor to act upon his own independent judgment. Sometimes he is said to be haunted by an imagination that he is threatened with the fate of Clement XIV., and he hopes to avoid it by resignation of the papacy." Much of this may be mere rumor; one fact is, however, clear—the Pope still keeps to the Vatican.

Mr. W. H. H. Murray vigorously defends in the *Golden Rule* his scheme of a Metropolitan Christian Church in Boston. He denies that it will be a creedless organization; the creed, as he explains it, will be "inclusive, but not exclusive; as broad as the invitation of Christ." One strong point is made by him, "that the old parish system can not do the whole work of religion in great cities." Not over half of the sittings in the parish churches of Boston are occupied, if his statistics are correct. He claims that a count made of the attendance in ten of the strongest Boston churches in April and May showed that out of 12,950 sittings only 7593 were occupied. Mr. Murray contends that some scheme should be devised for reaching the unchurched masses, and that his will be effective as far as it goes. It should be borne in mind in all such discussions that the great successes in reaching the masses of the people, such as John Wesley's and Whitefield's field-preaching, camp-meetings, and lately Mr. Moody's monster gatherings, have all been deviations from the ordinary routine of church work. Mr. Murray's plan may or may not be wise, but there is continual need of new lines of operation for the reaching of the non-church-going population of the country.

The Roman Catholic system of "retreats" has gained an acceptance in the English State Church which would hardly be supposed by those who do not closely watch the course of events. Twenty-four or twenty-five are announced to take place by the end of November next. Some of them are for candidates for holy orders. It is estimated that 400 clergymen of the Establishment will go into retreat during this season.

The good work which General Armstrong has been carrying forward in the education of freedmen at Hampton, Virginia, still prospers. During the past school year 332 pupils have been in attendance. The graduating class numbered fifty-seven. In the year the students earned by their own labor on the farm and in shop $12,236. The printing-office shows a cash balance of $326. The farm has all the necessary appurtenances—stables, a large barn, smith-shop, etc. The young men are taught the lessons of industry and self-reliance. The Institute is under the care of the American Missionary Association, but owes its prosperity largely to the enthusiasm and tact of General Armstrong, the principal. His manliness and his entire self-abnegation have won for him the esteem of the people of East Virginia, and as a consequence "Hampton" is popular in all the surrounding region.

The Irish Presbyterian Assembly reported at its recent session an advance of £12,000 in the funds raised during the year. The total amount of money contributed for all Church purposes was £154,953. The average income of ministers is £185. There are in the congregations under the care of the Assembly 79,157 families; there are 1099 Sunday-schools, with 8510 teachers, and 72,000 scholars. The Assembly's troubles with the churches using harmoniums still continue. No coercion of the offenders has as yet been attempted, and in so far restraining itself the Assembly has shown wisdom.

The secretary of the New York Sunday-school Convention reports that there are in the schools of the State 900,000 teachers and scholars. This total is thus distributed: teachers, 90,000; in adult classes, 100,000; scholars under adult age, 700,000. There are, according to the late census, 1,585,601 persons in the State between the ages of five and twenty-one years of age. The Sunday-school statistics leave, therefore, 800,000 children unaccounted for. The number in Roman Catholic Sunday-schools, which is not reported, would materially reduce this aggregate.

A rehearing of the Cheney case has been denied by the Supreme Court of Illinois, so that it is now decided beyond the possibility of doubt. Mr. Cheney, when he entered the Reformed Episcopal body, took his congregation and church property with him. Suit was brought to reclaim the church for the use of the Protestant Episcopal denomination. The court decided against the complainants "on the ground that it did not appear that a trust for the use of the Protestant Episcopal Church was impressed upon the title of the property." The decision runs, therefore, in the line of the many decisions given by State courts in like cases, to wit, that the ownership of church property must be determined by the wording of the trust-deeds. Conveyances for church uses can not, as regards the nature of the trust intended, be too explicit.

The Hon. Horatio Seymour, in his address on June 19 before the alumni of Madison University, in this State, spoke some brave words for denominationalism in college education. "It is charged," he said, "that our colleges are sectarian. It is better they should be so rather than partisan. Sectarianism is now talked about as if it were an offense to the spirit of our laws, and I fear our colleges sometimes shrink from the charge, as if it was not well to have it known that they had the special support of different sects....I believe in religious and all other forms of zeal in behalf of honest opinions. I have seen much of men, and I never knew of an earnest man who was not a useful one. When I see zeal without knowledge, I do not wish to quench the one, but to enlarge the other."

On the 10th of May a conference of delegates from the Protestant missions of Japan met at Tokio to take measures for securing a translation of the entire Bible into the Japanese language. The version of the New Testament will be completed in 1879. The delegates provided for the translation of the Old Testament.

The supporters of the Scotch Presbyterian missions on Lake Nyassa are, it is said, about to place a steamboat on the lower Zambesi River.

"About two weeks ago," says the *Congregationalist* of June 26, "a letter was received in Andover, asking to whose order a check should be drawn if the Theological Seminary were in need of funds for special or general purposes. A reply brought almost immediately in response a check for $25,000." It is to be hoped that the flow of such checks may not quickly cease. They have been abundant of late for distressed churches and societies, to the great honor of the American name.

The late Mr. George Smith left in an almost complete state the history of Sennacherib, the Assyrian king, from cuneiform inscriptions procured by him. The speedy publication of this history in London is announced. Mr. Rassam, who has lately gone to Nineveh and Babylon, has already discovered some remains containing long inscriptions.

Although much news of the proceedings of the Old Catholic Synods has not arrived, there were clear intimations in advance of the course of their proceedings. In Germany the abolition of compulsory celibacy of the priests is demanded, especially by the Old Catholics of Baden, East Prussia, and many in Bavaria. At preliminary meetings of the favorers of this measure it was resolved to insist upon its passage. The Synod has yielded to the pressure, and at its session in Bonn, June 14, the vote stood 75 for and 22 against. It is well known that Dr. Döllinger and other leaders are opposed to this proposed liberty of marriage. It is doubtful whether the Austrian Old Catholics will hold a Synod this year. In Switzerland the Swiss Old Catholics have had during the past year considerable accessions to the number of their priests. An effort will be made in the Synod to procure the concession of the communion in both kinds to the laity. The Swiss Synod is also expected to adopt a revised liturgy and a catechism.

PEORIA LAKE REGATTA.

The 19th and 20th of June were gala days at Peoria, Illinois, on whose beautiful lake the first regular regatta of the Mississippi Valley Amateur Rowing Association was then held. The weather was charming, and the occasion attracted thousands of spectators. Our illustrations on page 556 give picturesque views of the lake, the town, and the several races, which have been so fully described by the correspondents of the daily press that it is unnecessary to repeat the story here. All who witnessed the races say that the rowing was in general excellent, and in some cases exceptionally fine. A pleasant evening reception in a public hall terminated the festivities.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

However patriotic our citizens may be, and however jubilant Young America may feel at the return of each "glorious Fourth," it is plainly evident that in the great centres of population dangerous explosives should not be allowed to be indiscriminately used by the masses. Citizens of large towns like New York, Brooklyn, and of hundreds of others not so large, have a right to demand the enforcement of laws protective to life, limb, and property in July as well as in any other month of the year. Every year many lives are sacrificed on the Fourth of July, a multitude of serious accidents occur, and a vast amount of property is totally lost to the country. It has been estimated that the annual celebration of Independence-day with powder, shot, and various explosive fire-works has cost our country more lives and more property than the whole Revolutionary war. Now that a century has passed away, we should be old enough and wise enough to abandon such methods of celebration as are clearly dangerous. For several years past this matter has been under discussion, and no private interests should be suffered to stand in opposition to the public safety. Surely our people are ingenious enough to devise enthusiastic ways of expressing their patriotism without so much aid as has been customary from noisy and dangerous fire-arms and explosives.

On a recent Saturday about twelve hundred head of American cattle were shipped from Boston to Liverpool. It costs twenty-five dollars a head for their passage, besides food and attendance, which their owners provide—so states a Boston paper. Yet beef is sold at a lower rate in London than in Boston. "All of which is explained," remarks the journal above referred to, "by the fact that beef in this city [Boston] is under the control of a monopoly which keeps the prices at such a point as to make it a luxury which only the rich can afford."

A suite of fifty persons, including servants, accompanies the Shah of Persia to Paris. He inhabits the same apartments used by the Emperor of Brazil, twenty-four rooms and saloons being placed at his disposal.

Over twenty papers are now published daily at Rome. Twenty years ago there was but one, that being published three times a week.

The mail and stage line from Fort Worth, Texas, to Yuma, Arizona, was formally opened on June 15. The line is 1560 miles in length—the longest stage line in the world—and offers the shortest and quickest route to Mexico and Arizona. The procession on the occasion of the opening consisted of eighteen four-horse coaches; and a banquet was given to the contractors by the citizens of Fort Worth.

During the summer of 1877 the Sea-side Home for Children, established by the Brooklyn Children's Aid Society at Coney Island, was kept open from June 18 to September 15—thirteen weeks. It entertained 1601 children and 565 mothers during this time. Two-thirds of these children—a large majority of whom were under five years of age—were ill with diseases incident to dentition and summer heats. Some of them came from the charitable institutions of Brooklyn, but the larger part from the tenement-houses of the city. Each party of mothers and children remained a week in ordinary cases, and almost invariably left with improved health. The comfortable but simple arrangements made for the sick children do not involve large expenses, considering the number relieved. But contributions are needed, and will be gladly received. Many who are interested in behalf of the little ones who suffer so much during the summer heats will be glad to know that money for the Sea-side Home will be received and faithfully applied by the following gentlemen: James W. Elwell, 57 South Street, New York, or 70 Lefferts Place, Brooklyn; J. Ernest Miller, 32 South Street, New York, or 151 Clinton Street, Brooklyn; A. T. White, 63 Broadway, New York, or 2 Pierrepont Place, Brooklyn; Thomas E. Stillman, 95 Joralemon Street, Brooklyn; Alexander E. Orr, 37 Tompkins Place, Brooklyn; E. B. Wood, treasurer, secretary Firemen's Trust Insurance Company, 201 Montague Street, Brooklyn; or to the manager, R. D. Douglass, General Superintendent Brooklyn Children's Aid Society, 61 Poplar Street, Brooklyn.

In an autograph book belonging to a gentleman of Hartford, Connecticut, there are three autographs, with characteristic sentiments. They are as follows:

March 11, 1878.
"The groves were God's first temples."
William Cullen Bryant.

July 4, 1878.
"Peace if possible; justice at any rate."
Wendell Phillips.

Nahant, 7*th Aug.*, '73.
Republican government is the product of an advanced political civilization, and is destined to prevail. Notwithstanding all temporary clouds, our own country will move in its course like the sun in the heavens.
Charles Sumner.

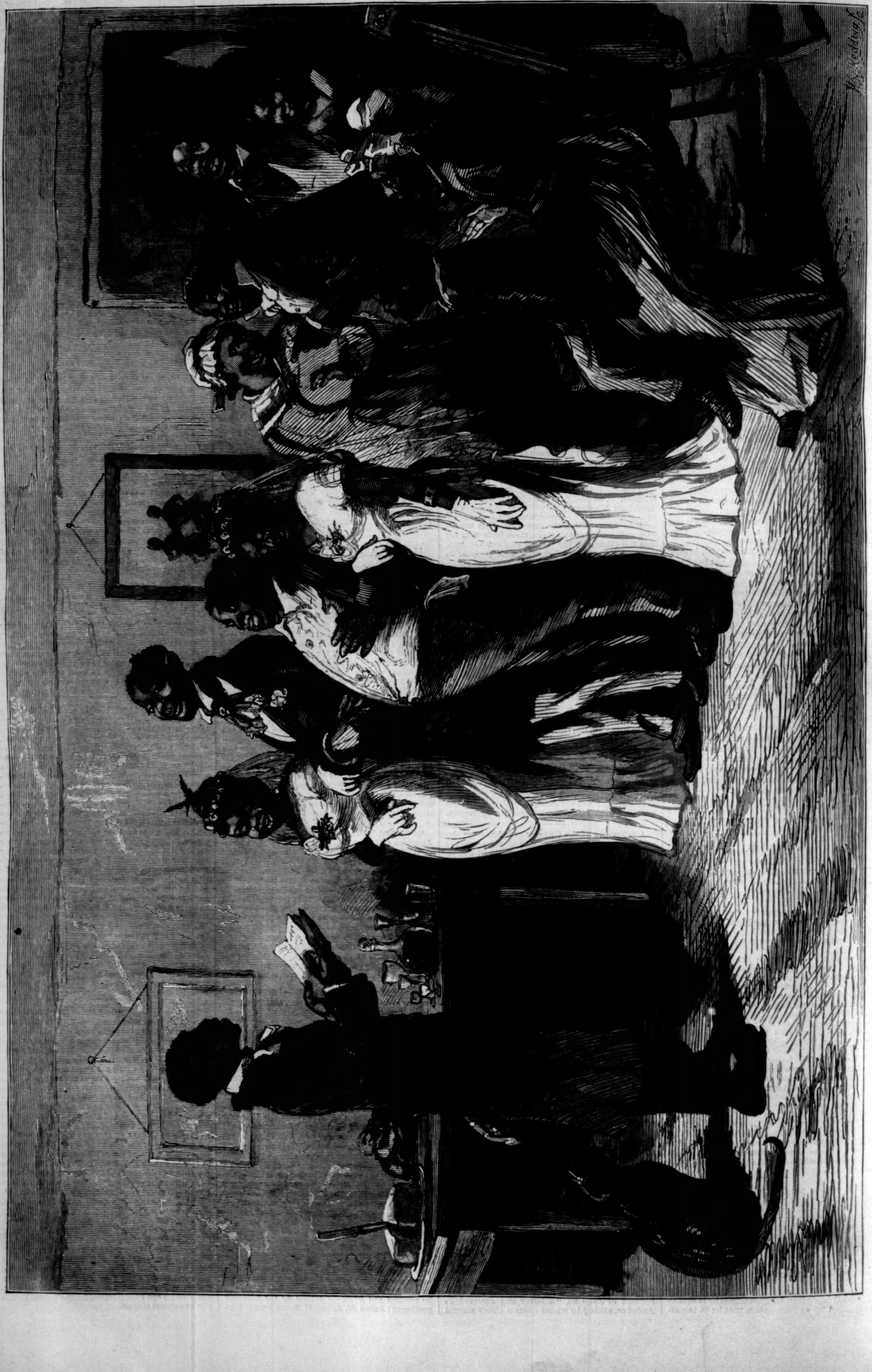
Few fully realize what an immense amount of wealth, power, and prosperity accrues to this country from its woolen manufactures. Some simple statements will show what a single woolen mill in the city of Lawrence, Massachusetts, contributes. It produces every week 1,000,000 yards of dyed or printed cloths. It pays $160,000 a week as wages. It employs 5300 persons, paying them at an average rate of 95 cents a day to women and girls, and $1 40 a day to men. It consumes 500 tons of starch and expends $400,000 for printing and dyeing materials every year. The wool it requires calls for the fleeces of 10,000 head of sheep. This industry secures food, clothing, and to some extent savings to 5300 persons and their dependents—not less than 10,000 souls altogether.

Mr. W. W. Murphy, late consul-general at Frankfort, Germany, sends the following interesting communication to the Detroit *Free Press* concerning the meaning of the word "Sho-wae-cae-mette:" "A Monroe correspondent in a late number of your paper gives the interpretation of the Indian word 'Sho-wae-cae-mette' (the name adopted by the Monroe Regatta Club) as 'Grape River,' and that the French translated it into their language, Rivière Raisin. The correspondent of the New York *Times*, writing from Watkins during the race, gives the meaning of this word 'Sweet Water.' Where the correspondent got this idea I am unable to learn....I find a legend about the word, which I give you. During a great storm in that part of the country, before the white man came there, the Indians fled for shelter to an arbor near the banks of River Raisin. The arbor was made by the grape-vines growing over a plum-tree, and the Indians, looking out, saw the vivid lightning playing on the waters of the river, and they exclaimed, in wonder, 'Sho-wae-cae-mette,' which in the Pottawattamie language means 'lightning on the waters.' I spoke to Mr. Durell, father of young Durell of that club, and he is of the opinion that this is the meaning of the famous word."

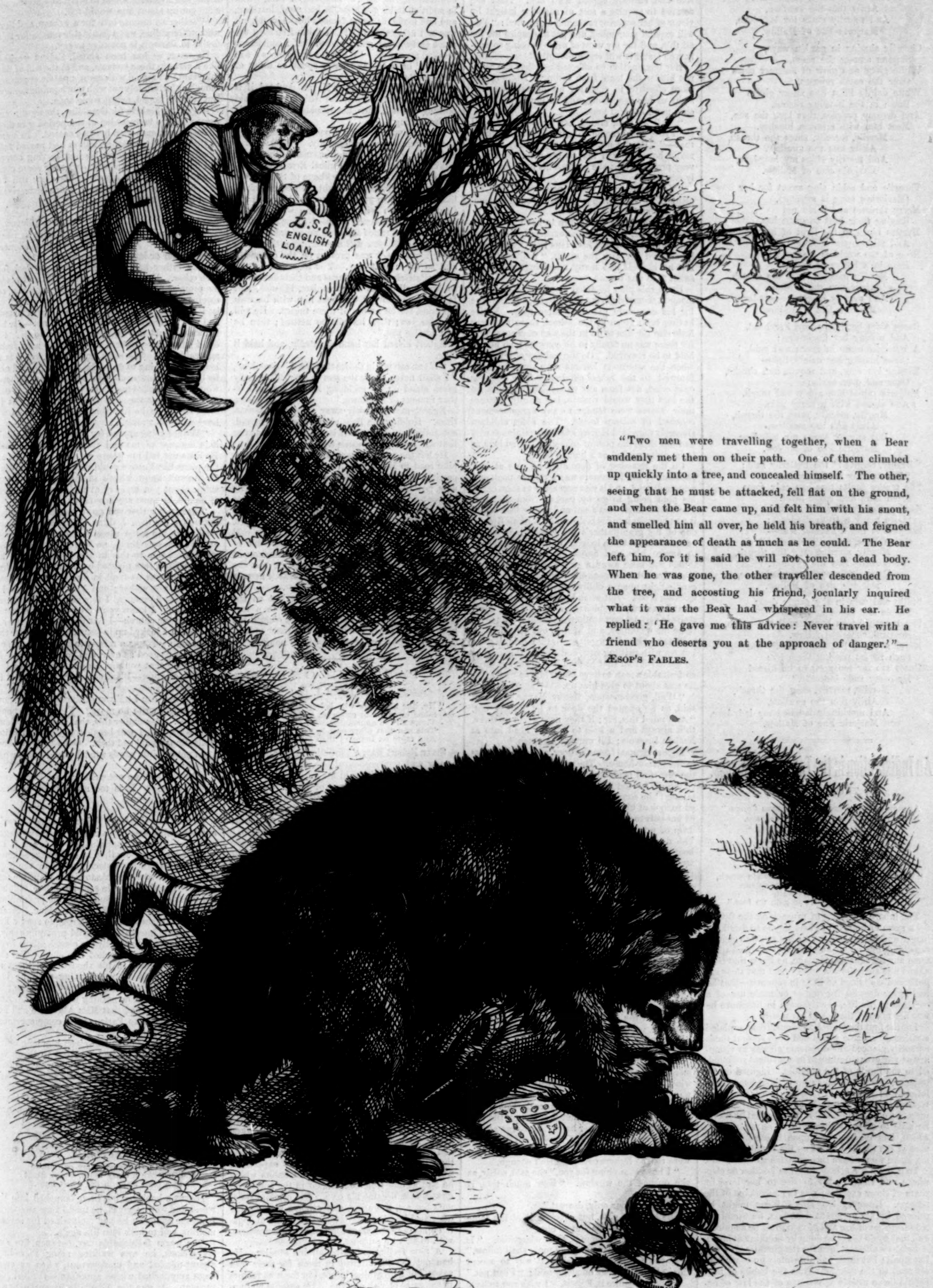
The excursion fever is at its height. Cars and especially steamboats are crowded with pleasure-seekers. There are laws relative to the overcrowding of excursion steamers, which, if enforced, would greatly protect life. But there seems to be little vigilance about the matter. Unless there is some increase of care, there is great liability to a fearful disaster during the summer.

Hundreds of lost pocket-books never find their way back to their rightful owners; but a gentleman of our acquaintance tells us an interesting story of property returned which came under his own observation. About the 1st of May his wife had the misfortune to lose her pocket-book, containing nearly thirty-eight dollars in money and other valued articles. Much search was made for it, although it was thought useless to advertise it. Eight weeks afterward it was returned by a poor woman living in Brooklyn, and not a cent of the money, or any thing else in the pocket-book was missing. It appears that on the day the book was lost it was found by the woman on the sidewalk. There was in it the address of a friend of the owner, to whom the finder sent a postal-card, making inquiry if it was hers. But this did not lead to any discovery of the owner. Then the poor woman advertised it, but with no better success. Finally the lady who had lost the pocket-book met the friend whose address was on the card, and, happening to mention her loss, the conversation resulting led to the recovery of the lost property. During the eight weeks the poor woman had the pocket-book in her possession she had been sorely pressed for money, but never would touch any of that, but had kept it hidden under a piece of carpet in the corner of her room, where no one knew of it. She had consulted her priest, offered prayers that the loser of the pocket-book might be found, and plainly showed her delight when she gave it to the rightful owner. A beautiful instance of honesty.

One who has ever visited Cornwall-on-the-Hudson in summer-time need not be told of its loveliness. The combination of mountain and river views is wonderfully beautiful; with "Storm King" on one side and the Hudson on the other, there is no lack of charming variety. Yet there are many places equally attractive naturally which are by no means so popular as Cornwall, and show no such improvement as that village has done within the last ten years. A correspondent of the *Evening Post* says that the popularity of Cornwall is mainly due to "good roads, plenty of places of interest near and far," and to the exertions "of a few energetic, enterprising men." In reference to means of literary culture and entertainment the correspondent of the *Post* remarks: "Cornwall owes its circulating library and reading-room to the energy of Messrs. Lyman Abbott and E. P. Roe; it is not the fault of these gentlemen if the summer visitors waste their time on trashy novels. Here is a bright, handsome room twenty feet wide by sixty feet long, furnished comfortably with desks and book-cases, and open to every one for the small price of two dollars for the whole summer. It is supplied with three thousand volumes of choice English literature, the leading daily newspapers, many foreign publications, and all the magazines. It is a rare thing to find so comfortable and well-managed a reading-room." Hundreds of villages throughout the country would grow more and more flourishing every year if residents would turn their attention somewhat to good roads for the physical pleasure and good libraries for the mental recreation of summer visitors.



THE GREAT SOCIAL EVENT AT BLACKVILLE.—THE WEDDING OF THE TWINS.—[Drawn by Sol Eytinge, Jun.]



"Two men were travelling together, when a Bear suddenly met them on their path. One of them climbed up quickly into a tree, and concealed himself. The other, seeing that he must be attacked, fell flat on the ground, and when the Bear came up, and felt him with his snout, and smelled him all over, he held his breath, and feigned the appearance of death as much as he could. The Bear left him, for it is said he will not touch a dead body. When he was gone, the other traveller descended from the tree, and accosting his friend, jocularly inquired what it was the Bear had whispered in his ear. He replied: 'He gave me this advice: Never travel with a friend who deserts you at the approach of danger.'"—Æsop's Fables.

MORAL OF THE RUSSO-TURKISH WAR.

THE CULPRIT BUTTERFLY.

MERRILY, merrily, sings the thrush,
Airily flits the swallow,
And merrily sings my lady-love,
Marjorie Fae of Mallow.

Cheerily singing in garden ways,
Singing among the roses,
While glory and glow of summer skies
Over the earth reposes.
While dainty lilies like silver gleam
Down in the blowing rushes,
And dreamy poppies, that love the sun,
Meet him with crimson blushes.
Merrily, merrily, sings the thrush,
Airily flits the swallow,
And merrily sings my lady-love,
Marjorie Fae of Mallow.

Throstle and robin sing sweet for her
(Marjorie's song is sweeter),
Merry throstle and robin red
Singing their best to greet her.
Myrtles blush to the light of her smile,
And mignonette uncloses:
Rose of the world is Marjorie Fae,
Rose in a bower of roses.
Merrily, merrily, sings the thrush,
Airily flits the swallow,
And merrily sings my lady-love,
Marjorie Fae of Mallow.

Roses were bending above her head,
And wooing her finger-tips;
A butterfly came in green and gold,
Came kissing her dainty lips—
Kissing her eyes, and mouth, and cheeks,
Over and over again;
Marjorie called him giddy and rough,
And sighed with a hasty pain.
Merrily, merrily, sang the thrush,
Airily flits the swallow,
But angrily spoke my lady-love,
Marjorie Fae of Mallow.

"Beauty, forgive!" the butterfly said;
"Beauty may surely cover
The tender faults that can only come
From fond and eager lover.
Kissing thy lips, I surely thought,
'Love many a truth discloses:
Marjorie is but a sweeter rose—
Queen Rose, among the roses.'"
Merrily, merrily, sang the thrush,
Airily flits the swallow,
Reprovingly spoke my lady-love,
Marjorie Fae of Mallow.

"Silly and vain in thy gaudy dress,
Purple and green and yellow,
The beautiful rose knows well thy worth,
Boastful, conceited fellow.
Never a flower but would gladly see
Such rovers passing them by;
Roses are far too good to be kissed
By every rude butterfly."
Merrily, merrily, sang the thrush,
Airily flits the swallow,
And mockingly laughed my lady-love,
Marjorie Fae of Mallow.

An Indiscretion in the Life of an Heiress.

BY THOMAS HARDY,

AUTHOR OF "FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD," "THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE," ETC.

PART FIRST.

CHAPTER VIII.

"The world and its ways have a certain worth,
And to press a point while these oppose
Were a simple policy: best wait,
And we lose no friends, and gain no foes."

THE inborn necessity of ransacking the future for a germ of hope led Egbert Mayne to dwell for longer and longer periods on the at first rejected possibility of winning and having her. And apart from any thought of marriage, he knew that Geraldine was sometimes a trifle vexed that their experiences contained so little in common—that he had never dressed for dinner or made use of a carriage in his life, even though in literature he was her master, thanks to his tastes.

For the first time now he seriously contemplated a visionary scheme which had been several times cursorily glanced at—a scheme almost as visionary as any ever entertained by a man not yet blinded to the limits of the possible. Lighted on by impulse, it was not taken up without long calculation, and it was one in which every link was reasoned out as carefully and as clearly as his powers would permit. But the idea that he would be able to carry it through was an assumption which, had he bestowed upon it one-hundredth part of the thought spent on the details of working it, he would have thrown aside as unfeasible.

To give up the school, to go to London or elsewhere, and there to try to rise to her level by years of sheer exertion, was the substance of the scheme. However his lady's heart might be grieved by his apparent desertion, he would go. A knowledge of life and of men must be acquired, and that could never be done by thinking at home.

Egbert's abstract love for the gigantic task was but small; but there was absolutely no other honest road to the sphere. That the habits of men should be so utterly subversive of the law of nature as to indicate that he was not at once worthy to marry a woman whose own purest instincts said that he was worthy, was a great anomaly, he thought with some rebelliousness; but this did not upset the fact or remove the difficulty.

He told his fair mistress at their next accidental meeting (much sophistry lay in their definition of "accidental" at this season) that he had determined to leave Tollamore. Mentally she exulted at his spirit, but her heart despaired. He solemnly assured her that it would be much better for them both in the end; and she became submissive and entirely agreed with him. Then she seemed to acquire a sort of superior insight by virtue of her superior rank, and murmured: "You will expand your mind, and get to despise me for all this, and for my want of pride in being so easily won; and it will end unhappily."

Her imagination so affected her that she could not hinder the tears from falling. Nothing was more effective in checking his despair than the sight of her despairing, and he immediately put on a more hopeful tone.

"No," he said, taking her by the hand. "I shall rise, and become so learned and so famous that—" He did not like to say plainly that he really hoped to win her as his wife. But it is very probable that she guessed his meaning nearly enough.

"You have some secret resources!" she exclaimed. "Some help is promised you in this ambitious plan."

It was most painful to him to have to tell her the truth after this sanguine expectation, and how uncertain and unaided his plans were. However, he cheered her with the words, "Wait and see." But he himself had many misgivings when her sweet face was turned away.

Upon this plan he acted at once. Nothing of moment occurred during the autumn, and the time for his departure gradually came near. Notice having been given at the school, there was very little else for him to do in the way of preparation, for there was no family to be consulted, no household to be removed. On the last day of teaching, when the afternoon lessons were over, he bade farewell to the school-children. The younger ones cried, not from any particular reflection on the loss they would sustain, but simply because their hearts were tender to any announcement couched in solemn terms. The elder children sincerely regretted Egbert as an acquaintance who had not filled the post of school-master so long as to be quite spoiled as a human being.

On the morning of departure he rose at half past three; for Tollamore was a remote nook of a remote district, and it was necessary to start early, his plan being to go by packet from Melport. The candle flame had a sad and yellow look when it was brought into his bedroom by Nathan Brown, one of his grandfather's old laborers, at whose house he had taken a lodging, and who had agreed to awake him and assist his departure. Few things will take away a man's confidence in an impulsive scheme more than being called up by candle-light upon a chilly morning to commence working it out. But when Egbert heard Nathan's great feet stamping spiritedly about the floor down stairs in earnest preparation of breakfast, he overcame his weakness, and bustled out of bed.

They breakfasted together, Nathan drinking the hot tea with rattling sips, and Egbert thinking as he looked at him that Nathan had never appeared so desirable a man to have about him as now when he was about to give him up.

"Well, good-mornen, Mistur Mayne," Nathan said, as he opened the door to let Egbert out. "And mind this, Sir; if they use ye bad up there, th'lt always find a hole to put thy head into at Nathan Brown's; I'll warrant as much."

Egbert stepped from the door, and struck across to the manor-house. The morning was dark, and the raw wind made him shiver till walking warmed him. "Good heavens! here's a crazy undertaking!" he sometimes thought. Old trees seemed to look at him through the gloom as they rocked uneasily to and fro; and now and then a dreary drop of rain beat upon his face as he went on. The dead leaves in the ditches, which could be heard but not seen, shifted their positions with a troubled rustle, and flew at intervals with a little rap against his walking-stick and hat. He was glad to reach the north stile, and get into the park, where, with an anxious pulse, he passed beneath the creaking limes.

"Will she wake soon enough? will she be forgetful and sleep over the time?" He had asked himself this many times since he rose that morning, and still beset by the inquiry, he drew near to the mansion.

Her bedroom was in the north wing, facing toward the church, and on turning the brow of the hill a faint light in the window re-assured him. Taking a few little stones from the path he threw them upon the sill, as they had agreed, and she instantly opened the window, and said, softly, "The butler sleeps on the ground-floor on this side. Go to the bow-window in the shrubbery."

He went round among the bushes to the place mentioned, which was entirely sheltered from the wind. She soon appeared, bearing in her hand a wax taper so small that it scarcely gave more light than a glow-worm. She wore the same dress that she had worn when they first met on the previous Christmas, and her hair was loose as at that time. Indeed, she looked throughout much as she had looked then, except that her bright eyes were red, as Egbert could see well enough.

"I have something for you," she said, softly, as she opened the window. "How much time is there?"

"Half an hour only, dearest."

She began a sigh, but checked it, at the same time holding out a packet to him.

"Here are fifty pounds," she whispered. "It will be useful to you now, and more shall follow."

Mayne felt how impossible it was to accept this. "No, my dear one," he said; "I can not."

"I don't require it, Egbert. I wish you to have it; I have plenty. Come, do take it." But seeing that he continued firm on this point she reluctantly gave in, saying she would keep it for him.

"I fear so much that papa suspects me," she said. "And if so, it was my own fault, and all owing to a conversation I began with him without thinking beforehand that it would be dangerous."

"What did you say?"

"I said," she whispered, "'Suppose a man should love me very much, would you mind my being acquainted with him, if he were a very worthy man?' 'That depends upon his rank and circumstances,' he said. 'Suppose,' I said, 'that in addition to his goodness, he had much learning, and had made his name famous in the world, but was not altogether rich?' I think I showed too much earnestness, and I wished that I could have recalled my words. 'When the time comes I will tell you,' he said, 'and don't speak or think of these matters again.'"

In consequence of this, Mayne doubted if it would be right to correspond with her. He said nothing about it then, but it added a new shade to the parting.

"I think your decision a good and noble one," she murmured, smiling hopefully. "And you will come back some day a wondrous man of the world, talking of vast Schemes, radical Errors, and saying such words as the Backbone of Society, the Tendency of Modern Thought, and other things like that. When papa says to you, 'My lord the Chancellor,' you will answer him with, 'A tall man with a deep-toned voice—I know him well.' When he says, 'Such and such were Lord Hatton's words, I think,' you will answer, 'No, they were Lord Tyrrell's—I was present on the occasion,' and so on in that way. You must get to talk authoritatively about vintages and their dates, and to know all about epicureanism, idleness, and fashion; and so you will beat him with his own weapons, for he knows of these things. He will criticise you; then he will be nettled; then he will admire you."

Egbert kissed her hand devotedly, and held it long.

"If you can not in the least succeed," she added, "I shall never think the less of you. The truly great stand on no middling ledge: they are either famous or unknown."

Egbert moved slowly away among the laurestines. Holding the light above her bright head, she smiled upon him as if it were unknown to her that she wept at the same time.

He left the park precincts and followed the turnpike road to Melport. In spite of the misery of parting, he felt relieved of a certain oppressiveness, now that his presence at Tollamore could no longer bring disgrace upon her. The threatening rain passed off by the time that he reached the ridge dividing the inland districts from the coast. It began to get light, but his journey was still very lonely. Ultimately the yellow shore-line of pebbles grew visible, and the distant horizon of water, spreading like a gray upland against the sky, till he could soon hear the measured flounce of the waves.

He entered the town at sunrise, just as the lamps were extinguished, and went to a tavern to breakfast. At half past eight o'clock the boat steamed out of the harbor, and reached London after a passage of five-and-forty hours.

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER I.

"He, like a captain who beleaguers round
Some strong-built castle on a rising ground,
Views all the approaches with observing eyes;
This and that other part in vain he tries,
And more on industry than force relies."

SINCE Egbert Mayne's situation is not altogether a new and unprecedented one, there will be no necessity for detailing in all its minutiæ his attempts to scale the steeps of Fame. Notwithstanding the fact that few comparatively have reached the top, the lower areas of that troublesome incline have been trodden by as numerous a company as any allegorical spot in the world.

The reader must, then, imagine five years to have elapsed, during which rather formidable slice of human life Egbert had been constantly striving. It had been drive, drive, from month to month; no rest, nothing but effort. He had progressed from newspaper work to criticism, from criticism to independent composition of a mild order, from the latter to the publication of a book which nobody ever heard of, and from this to the production of a work of really sterling merit which appeared anonymously. Though he did not set society in a blaze, or even in a smoke, thereby, he certainly did cause a good many people to talk about him.

The luminousness of nature which had been sufficient to attract the attention and heart of Geraldine Allenville had, indeed, meant much. That there had been power enough in the presence, speech, mind, and tone of the poor painter's son to fascinate a girl of Geraldine's station was of itself a ground for the presumption that he might do a work in the world if he chose. The attachment to her was just the stimulus which such a nature as his required, and it had at first acted admirably upon him. Afterward the case was different.

At first he had unflinchingly worked sixteen hours a day; but finding this to be a mistaken policy, he reduced the number to thirteen. He had investigated manners and customs no less than literature, and for a while the experience was exciting enough. But several habits which he had at one time condemned in the ambitious classes now became his own. His original fondness for art, literature, and science was getting quenched by his slowly increasing habit of looking upon each and all of these as machinery wherewith to effect a purpose.

A new feeling animated all his studies. He had not the old interest in them for their own sakes, but a breathless interest in them as factors in the game of sink or swim. He entered picture-galleries not because it was his humor to dream pleasantly over the fancies expressed in works of art, but to be able to talk about them on demand. He examined Correggio to criticise his flesh shades, Angelico to speak technically of the pink faces of his saints, Murillo to say fastidiously that there was a certain silliness in the look of his old men, Rubens for his sensuous women, Turner for his Turneresqueness. Romney was greater than Reynolds because Lady Hamilton was his model, and thereby hung a tale. Bonozzi Gozzoli was better worth study than Raffaelle because the former's name was a learned sound to utter, and all knowledge got up about him would tell.

Whether an intense love for a woman, and that woman Geraldine, was a justifiable reason for this desire to shine, it is not easy to say.

However, as has been stated, Egbert worked like a slave in these courses, and at the end of five full years was repaid with certain public applause, though unfortunately not with much public money. But this, he hoped, might come soon.

Regarding his love for Geraldine, the most noteworthy fact to be recorded of the period was that all correspondence with her had ceased. In spite of their fear of her father, letters had passed frequently between them on his first leaving home, and had been continued with ardor for some considerable time. The reason of its close will be perceived in the following note, which he received from her at that time.

"TOLLAMORE HOUSE.

"MY DEAR EGBERT,—How shall I tell you what has happened? And yet how can I keep silence, when sooner or later you must know all?

"My father has discovered what we feel for each other. He took me into his room and made me promise never to write to you, or seek you, or receive you, or receive a letter from you. I promised in haste, for I was frightened and excited, and now he trusts me—I wish he did not—for he knows I would not be mean enough to lie. So don't write, poor Egbert, or expect to hear from miserable me. We must try to hope, yet it is a long, dreary thing to do. But I *will* hope, and not be beaten. How could I help promising, Egbert, when he compelled me? He is my father. I can not think what we shall do under it all. It is cruel of life to be like this toward us, when we have done no wrong....

"We are going abroad for a long time. I think it is because of me and you, but I don't know. He does not tell me where we shall go. Just as if a place like Europe could make me forget you! He doesn't know what's in me, and how I can think about you and cry at nights—he can not. If he did, he must see how silly the plan is.

"Remember that you go to church on Sunday mornings, for then I think that perhaps we are reading in the same place at the same moment, and we are sometimes, no doubt. Last Sunday when we came to this in the Psalms, 'And he shall be like a tree planted by the water-side, that will bring forth its fruit in due season: his leaf also shall not wither; and look, whatsoever he doeth, it shall prosper,' I thought, 'That's Egbert in London.' I know you were reading that same verse in your church—I felt that you said it with us. Then I looked up to your old nook under the tower arch. It was a misery to see the wood and stone just as good as ever, and you not there. It is not only that you are gone at these times, but a heavy creature—Blankness—seems to stand in your place.

"But how can I tell you of these thoughts, now that I am to write no more? Yet we will hope, and hope. Remember this, that should any thing serious happen, I will break the bond and write. Obligations would end then. Good-by for a time. I can not put into words what I would finish with. Good-by, good-by. G. A.

"P.S.—Might we not write just one line at very wide intervals? It is too much never to write at all."

On receiving this letter Egbert felt that he could not honorably keep up a regular correspondence with her. But a determination to break it off would have been more than he could have adhered to if he had not been strengthened by the hope that he must soon be able to give a plausible reason for renewing it. He sent her a line, bidding her to expect the best results from the prohibition, which he was sure would not be for long. Meanwhile, should she think it not wrong to send a line at very wide intervals, he would promptly reply.

But she was apparently too conscientious to do so, for nothing had reached him since. Yet she was as continually in his thought and heart as before. He felt more misgiving than he had chosen to tell of on the ultimate effect of the prohibition, but could do nothing to remove it. And then he had learned that Miss Allenville and her father had gone to Paris, as the commencement of a sojourn abroad.

These circumstances had given him long hours of depression, till he had resolved to throw his whole strength into a production which should either give him a fair start toward fame, or make him clearly understand that there was no hope in that direction for such as he. He had begun the attempt and ended it, and the consequences were fortunate to an unexpected degree.

CHAPTER II.

"Toward the loadstar of my one desire
I flitted like a dizzy moth, whose flight
Is as a dead leaf's in the owlet light."

MAYNE'S book having been launched into the world and well received, he found time to emerge from the seclusion he had maintained for several months, and to look into life again.

One warm fashionable day, between five and six o'clock, he was walking along Piccadilly, absent-minded and unobservant, when an equipage approached whose appearance thrilled him through. It was the Allenville barouche, newly painted up. Egbert felt almost as if he had been going into battle; and whether he should stand forth visibly before her or keep in the background seemed a question of life and death.

He waited in unobserved retirement, which it was not difficult to do, his aspect having much altered since the old times. Coachman, footman, and carriage advanced, in graceful unity of glide, like a swan. Then he saw her: Geraldine after two years of silence, five years of waiting, and nearly three years of separation; for although he had seen her two or three times in town after he had taken up his residence there, they had not once met since the year preceding her departure for the Continent.

She came opposite, now passively looking round, then actively glancing at something which interested her. Egbert trembled a little, or perhaps a great deal, at sight of her. But she passed on, and the back of the carriage hid her from his view.

So much of the boy was left in him still that he could scarcely withhold himself from rushing after her and jumping into the carriage. She had appeared to be well and blooming, and an instinctive vexation that their long separation had produced no perceptible effect upon her speedily gave way before a more generous sense of gratification at her well-being. Still, he would have been glad to see, had it been possible, some sign upon her that she yet remembered him.

This sudden discovery that they were in town stirred all his lassitude into excitement. He went at once back to his chambers to meditate upon his next step. An uneasy trembling on Geraldine's account was disturbing him. She had probably been in London ever since the beginning of the season, but she had not given him a sign to signify that she was so near; and but for the accidental glimpse of her he might have gone on for months without knowing that she had returned from abroad.

Whether she was leading a dull or an exciting life Egbert had no means of knowing. That night after night the arms of interesting young men rested upon her waist and whirled her round the ball-room he could not bear to think. That she frequented gatherings and assemblies of all sorts he calmly owned as very probable, for she was her father's only daughter, and likely to be made much of. That she had not written a line to him since their return was still the grievous point.

"If I had only risen one or two steps further," he thought, "how boldly I would seek her out! But only to have published one successful book in all these years—such grounds are slight indeed."

For several days he did nothing but look about the Park, and the streets and the neighborhood of Chevron Square, where the town house stood, in the hope of seeing her again; but in vain. There were moments when his distress that she might possibly be indifferent about him and his affairs was unbearable. He fully resolved that he would on some early occasion communicate with her and know the worst. Years of work remained to be done before he could think of appearing before her father; but he had reached a sort of half-way stage at which some assurance from her that his track was a hopeful one was positively needed to keep him firm.

Egbert still kept a look-out for her at every public place; but nearly a month passed and she did not appear again. One Sunday evening when he had been wandering near Chevron Square, and looking at her windows from a distance, he returned past her house after dusk. The rooms were lighted, but the windows were still open, and as he strolled along he heard notes from a piano within the house. They were the accompaniment to an air from the *Messiah*, though no singer's voice was audible. Egbert readily imagined who the player might be, for the *Messiah* was an oratorio which Geraldine often used to wax eloquent upon in days gone by. He had not walked far when he remembered that there was to be an exceptionally fine performance of that stirring composition during the following week, and it instantly occurred to him that Geraldine's mind was running on the same event, and that she intended to be one of the audience.

He resolved upon doing something at a venture. The next morning he went to the ticket office, and boldly asked for a place as near as possible to those taken in the name of Allenville.

"There is no vacant one in any of those rows," the office-keeper said. "But you can have one very near their number on the other side of the division."

Egbert was astonished that for once in his life he had made a lucky hit. He booked his place and went out.

The evening arrived, and he went early. On taking his seat he found himself at the left-hand end of a series of benches, and close to a red cord, which divided the group of seats he had entered from stalls of a somewhat superior kind. He was passing the time in looking at the extent of orchestra space and other things, when he saw two ladies and a gentleman enter and sit down in the stalls diagonally before his own, and on the other side of the division. It delighted and agitated him to find that one of the three was Geraldine; her two companions he did not know.

"Policy, don't desert me now," he thought, and immediately sat in such a way that unless she turned round to a very unlikely position she would not see him.

There was a certain half-pleasant misery in sitting behind her thus as a possibly despised lover. To-night, at any rate, there would be sights and sounds common to both of them, though they should not communicate to the extent of a word. Even now he could hear the rustle of her garments as she settled down in her seat, and the faint murmur of words that passed between her and her friends. Never in the many times that he had listened to that rush of harmonies had they affected him as they did then; and it was no wonder, considering what an influence upon his whole life had been and still was exercised by Geraldine, and that she now sat there before him. The varying strains shook and bent him to themselves as a rippling brook shakes and bends a shadow. The music did not show its power by attracting his attention to its subject; it rather dropped its own libretto, and took up in place of it the poem of his life and love.

There was Geraldine still. They were singing the chorus, "Lift up your heads," and he found a new impulse of thought in him. It was toward determination. Should every member of her family be against him, he would win her in spite of it. He could now see that Geraldine was moved equally with himself by the tones which entered her ears.

"Why do the nations so furiously rage together?" filled him with a gnawing thrill, and so changed him to its spirit that he believed he was capable of suffering in silence for his whole lifetime, and of never appearing before her unless she gave a sign.

The audience stood up, and the "Hallelujah Chorus" began. The deafening harmonies flying from this group and from that seemed to absorb all the love and poetry that his life had produced, to pour it upon that one moment, and upon her who stood so close at hand. "I will force Geraldine to be mine," he thought. "I will make that heart ache of love for me." The chorus continued, and her form trembled under its influence. Egbert was at once for seeking her the next morning, and knowing what his chances were, without waiting for further results. The chorus and the personality of Geraldine still filled the atmosphere. "I will seek her to-night—as soon as we get out of this place!" he said. The harmony now reached its climax, and Geraldine's power was proportionately increased. He would give any thing for a glance this minute—to look into her eyes, she into his. "If I can but touch her hand and get one word from her, I will," he murmured.

He shifted his position somewhat, and saw her face. Tears were in her eyes, and her lips were slightly parted. Stretching a little nearer, he whispered, "My love."

Geraldine turned her wet eyes upon him, almost as if she had not been surprised, but had been forewarned by her previous emotion. With the peculiar quickness of grasp that she always showed under sudden circumstances, she had realized the position at a glance.

"Oh, Egbert!" she said, and her countenance flagged as if she would have fainted.

"Give me your hand," he whispered.

She placed her hand in his, which it was easy to do without observation; and he held it tight.

"Mine as before?" he asked, eagerly.

"Yours now, as then," said she.

They were like frail and sorry wrecks upon that sea of symphony, and remained in silent abandonment to the time, till the strains approached their close.

"Can you meet me to-night?" said Egbert.

She was half frightened at the request, and said, "Where?"

"At your own front-door, at twelve o'clock," he answered, and gently withdrew himself, for the chorus was ended, and the people were sitting down.

The remainder was soon over, and it was time to leave. Egbert watched her and her party out of the house, and turning to the other doorway went out likewise.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

His many friends and correspondents will be greatly pained to hear of the death by consumption, on the 30th of May, at his residence in Philadelphia, of Professor WILLIAM M. GABB, who for many years has occupied a very prominent place among American naturalists.

He was born on the 20th of January, 1839, in Philadelphia, and was educated at its High School, being one of the many graduates of whom that institution had reason to be proud. As a boy he was especially interested in mineralogy and paleontology, and at an early age was so fortunate as to secure an engagement with Professor JAMES HALL, where he had ample opportunity of indulging his tastes.

Returning to Philadelphia, he became a member of the Academy of Natural Sciences, and soon commenced the critical study of the fossil invertebrates of the United States, especially those of the cretaceous formation.

In 1860 he entered the service of the Geological Survey of California, under Professor J. D. WHITNEY; but returned to the East in 1868, and undertook the geological survey of their lands for the Santo Domingo Land and Mining Company, which, however, was made to cover a considerable portion of the Dominican Republic, and to which he subsequently made several successive visits for the purpose of continuing his work.

During his connection with the Geological Survey of California he made an extended exploration of the peninsula of Lower California, collecting much important geological and biological material.

In 1873 he became connected with the Costa Rican government, undertaking a general geological and topographical survey of its territory, and combined with it very extensive researches into its natural history and ethnology, sending his collections to the National Museum in Washington. This labor occupied him for about three years. The results of his work have been given to the public in various forms. A full account of the topography, with an elaborate map, appeared in PETERMANN'S *Mittheilungen*; and a paper on the ethnology of the native tribes, published by the American Philosophical Society, is one of standard value.

In the autumn of 1876 he revisited San Domingo, returning to the United States in March last. For many years he has been threatened with pulmonary disease, the extension of which has been checked by his abode in sub-tropical regions. The unfavorable symptoms, however, increased of late, and he succumbed shortly after his return to Philadelphia.

Dr. GABB left an extensive manuscript on the geology and paleontology of Costa Rica, which will be published ere long under competent supervision, thus closing a career of energy and activity, not only in the prosecution of researches, but in the elaboration of their results, which has been seldom equalled by a man of his age. It is very rare, indeed, that one man has accomplished so much in so many distinct branches—in geology, geography, paleontology, ethnology, etc.—as the subject of our present notice. As a prominent and highly valued member of the Academy of Natural Sciences, it is expected that due action will be taken by the Academy in the publication of a biographical notice.

The anticipations of many important applications of hardened glass have not been fully realized, the principal difficulty resulting from the frequent spontaneous explosions of the glass, in which the material is generally reduced to a fine powder.

A method of annealing recently invented in Paris claims an exemption from this imperfection. In this the articles to be annealed are buried in powdered stone, plaster, lime, fire-clay, etc., or in grease, oil, melted nitrates of potash and soda—indeed, in any liquid or solid capable of receiving the required heat and remaining in a condition suitable for the process. By this method glass articles are not only rendered more capable of sustaining sudden transitions of temperature, but are strengthened to a very considerable degree. Thus Champagne bottles annealed by this process will resist nearly twice as much pressure as the unannealed. Lamp chimneys may, when highly heated, be plunged into cold water without any danger of cracking.

A new form of elastic marking stamp has lately been patented by PIEPER, of Dresden. This is based upon the elastic properties possessed by a mixture of gelatine and glycerine, which resists perfectly the action of oils and petroleum, but is not sufficiently permanent to answer a very good purpose. To give to it the desired durability, the stamp, as made, is immersed for about three minutes in a mixture in the proportion of 1 part of tannin to 15 parts of alcohol, and then allowed to dry with the stamp side underneath. This is to be repeated hourly for three or four hours, and after the last drying the tanned surface is to be washed with a sponge with lukewarm spirits, in order to remove the superfluous tannin, and prevent its action on the coloring surface. A leather-like surface with an elastic body is thus produced, which answers all the purposes of the ordinary rubber stamps at present in use, besides being very much more easily prepared.

A valuable work has just been published, under the direction of the Commissioner of Agriculture, in the form of a report upon Forestry, prepared by Dr. FRANKLIN B. HOUGH, who has been employed in this labor for some considerable period of time. The estimate by Congress of the value of this book is shown by the fact that 25,000 extra copies have been ordered.

The report contains a wealth of information in regard to the whole subject of forestry, and of timber in general, that of the United States in particular, and is indispensable to every one interested either theoretically or practically in such subjects. An extensive alphabetical index adds to the value of the book for reference. The absence of a systematic table of contents is, however, a defect, which should be remedied in a new edition.

The Lake Superior Excursion Company announces a grand geological and pleasure excursion to Lake Superior and the north shore, to start on the steamer *Keweenaw* from Cleveland at 3 P.M., July 11. The expedition will be accompanied by several scientific specialists, among them Dr. A. T. NELSON, of Ohio, who will point out the special objects of interest in geology and natural history in the region traversed. The Pictured Rocks, Copper Harbor, Ontonagon, Duluth, Isle Royale, Silver Islet, Nepigon Bay, and Fort William will be among the points visited on the route. The length of the trip will be about three thousand miles, and it will occupy from twenty-five to thirty days.

An announcement of great moment to practical pisciculture has just been made by the Deutsche Fischerei Verein, in a discovery by MAX VON DEM BORNE. It is well known that certain eggs when discharged into the water become glutinous, and adhere closely to each other and to surrounding objects. This renders it extremely difficult to employ the usual method of artificial impregnation. Thus, while eggs of the salmon, trout, and shad are non-adherent, and can be very easily manipulated, those of the perch, carp, sea-herring, etc., have a contrary peculiarity, and are with great difficulty treated artificially.

VON DEM BORNE has discovered that the latter class of eggs when first discharged from the female are actually non-adherent, and it is only after being immersed in water that they become adhesive. He finds, furthermore, that after they have been completely swelled up they lose their adhesive property.

The conclusions drawn from these facts are, first, that for proper treatment artificially the eggs must be fertilized when as dry as possible; second, that fertilized eggs, before being immersed in water, should be spread out as thinly as possible on blotting-paper, cotton cloth, mosquito netting, moss, etc.; third, the substance coated with the dry eggs is then to be placed in water, in order that the eggs may stick firmly to it and swell up.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE late Charles Dickens is credited with this not very brilliant play upon words. One day while he was being taken by a photographer, the result being the well-known picture in which he is shown writing, the artist told him that he did not hold the pen right, and suggested that he should take it more naturally in his fingers. "Just as though you were writing one of your novels, Mr. Dickens," said he. "I see," said Dickens—"all of a twist."

Brown tried to quarrel with his mother-in-law the other evening. He married the eldest of seven girls. Said she, "Brown, my boy, I'm not going to ruin my reputation by quarrelling with you. Wait till all the girls are married. At present, as a mother-in-law, I'm only an amateur."

Philosophers say that shutting the eyes makes the sense of hearing more acute. A wag says that this accounts for the many closed eyes that are seen in church.

"Doctor, what is the best way to prevent drunkenness?" "There is no other way so sure as never to touch a drop of liquor."

A man having fallen down in a fit in a tailor's shop, an envious rival said, "That's the only *fit* ever seen in that establishment."

"What is the difference," said she,
"Between the moon and you?"
"I can not tell, my treasured one,"
Said he, with int'rest new.
"The difference is this," said she,
With satire of a Junius—
"The moon hath silvery quarters, love,
While you are impecunious."

VESUVIUS AND NIAGARA.—An American tourist was visiting Naples, and saw Vesuvius during an eruption. "Have you any thing like that in the New World?" was the question of an Italian spectator. "No," replied Jonathan, "but I guess we have a mill-dam that would put it out in five minutes."

"No, George," she said to the perspiring young man: "I love you just the same, but as our city relatives are coming next week, mother thinks you'd better stay away, because your long hair and freckled face might make them think our acquaintances weren't very high-toned." The young man is staying.

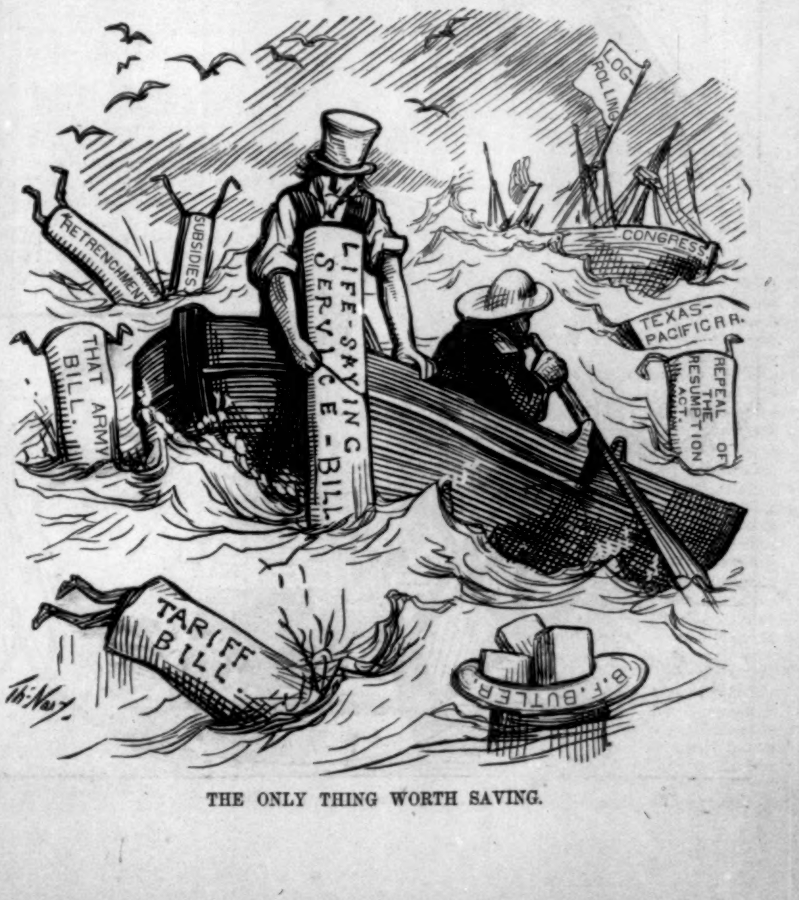
In selecting colors for the various apartments of your house, avoid a brown study. As for the library, it should always be red.

"Oh yes," she said, "I'm very fond of little boys;" and as she tripped on a string stretched across the pavement, she added, "I feel as though I could eat a couple of 'em this minute, raw."

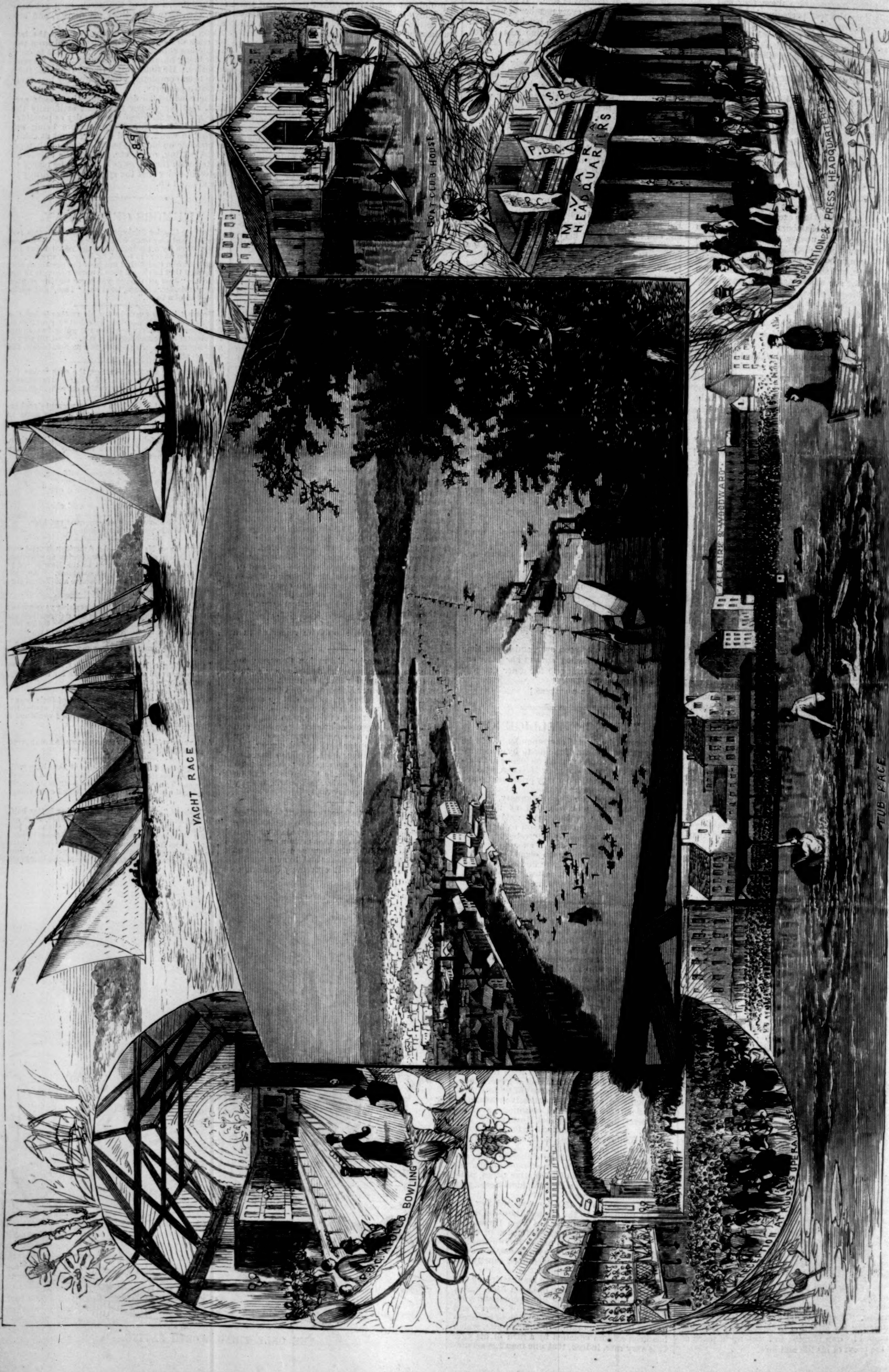
AN ATTACHED COUPLE THAT ARE ALWAYS SEPARATING—A pair of shears.

It is reported that several Americans have been guillotined in Paris for persisting in speaking the French language. The French government justifies its course by saying the people of France can't stand every thing.

"Husband," remarked a woman to her better half, who had come home late the night before, after exhausting labors at his account-books, "who is Bill Yard? You mentioned his name several times in your sleep." And the husband answered, as he brushed the cue chalk from his coat: "Why—eh—yes! Bill Yard—exactly—owes me an account. Let's have breakfast, Mary."



THE ONLY THING WORTH SAVING.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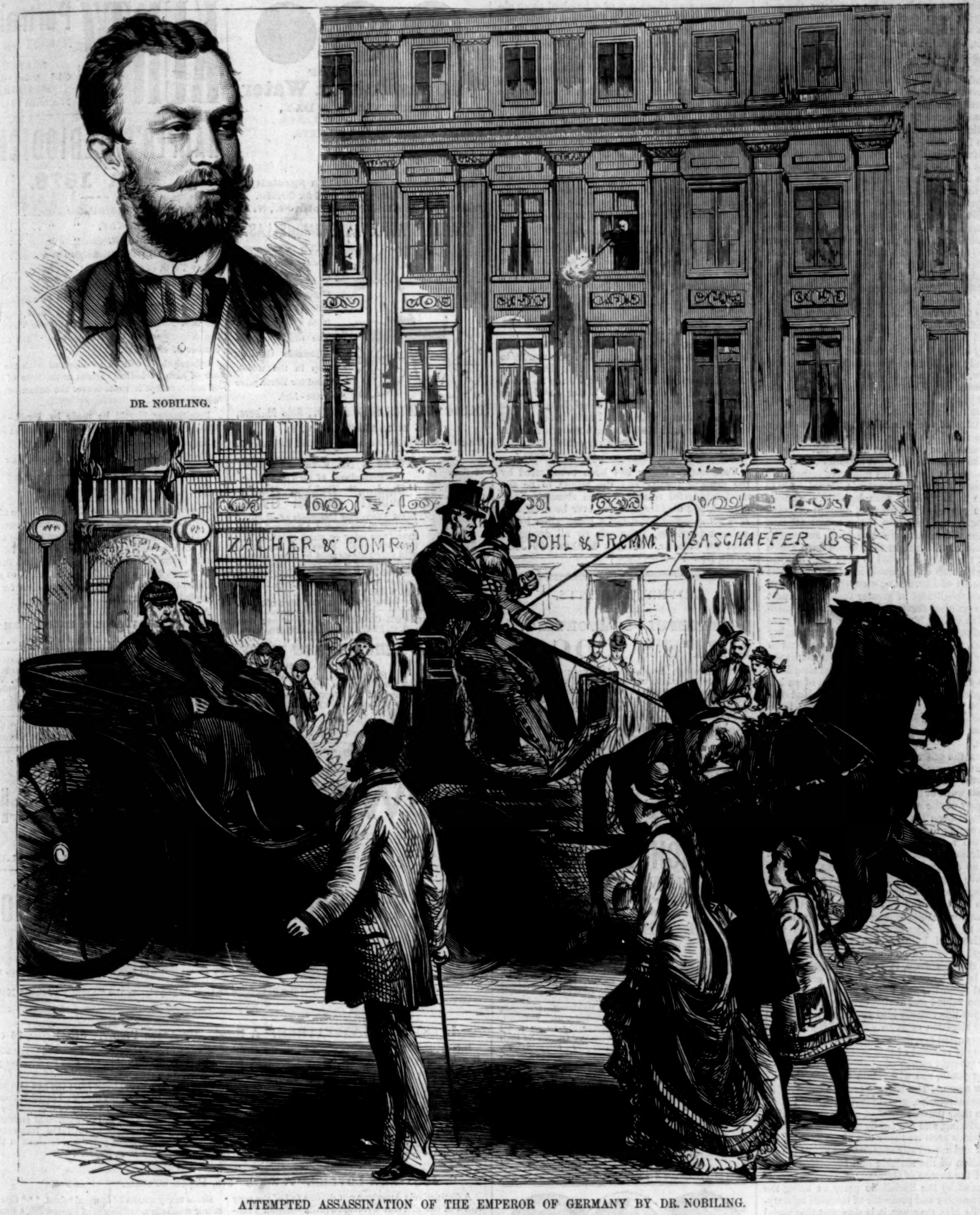
RECEPTION AT ROUSE'S OPERA HOUSE

REGATTA ON PEORIA LAKE.—From Sketches by George A. Coffin.—[See Page 551.]



DR. NOBILING.

ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY BY DR. NOBILING.

NOBILING'S ATTEMPT.

ON the 2d of June the people of Germany were startled by a second dastardly attempt upon the life of their venerable Emperor. The first, it will be remembered, took place on the 11th of May, when an assassin named HÖDEL fired two shots into the royal carriage, barely missing the Emperor and his daughter the Grand Duchess of Baden, who were returning from a drive. This time a similar occasion was selected by the would-be murderer, who apparently had formed the design of carrying to a successful issue the scheme which in the hands of the other had resulted in failure. It is the habit of the Emperor to drive every afternoon in his open calèche, returning to the palace in time to dine. At two o'clock on the day mentioned, when within a few paces of the spot where the first attempt to assassinate him was made, a man who had taken up his station at an upper window of one of the houses along the route fired four shots, directed toward the person of the Emperor. There appears to have been two weapons used—a double-barrelled rifle and a revolver. Several shot entered the forehead and cheek of his Majesty, and a bullet grazed his leg. Happily none of the wounds were dangerous, and, in spite of his eighty-two years, his recovery has been so rapid as to put an end to all apprehension in regard to the shock suffered by the nervous system.

The assassin, whose furious attack upon the life of Emperor WILHELM failed so conspicuously, is named KARL EDUARD NOBILING. His family is thoroughly respectable, and he himself is an educated man, known in certain circles as a Doctor of Philology and an agriculturist. One of his relatives was until recently Privy Councillor of Finance in the Berlin Exchequer Department, and two others served as Privy Councillors in the Home Department. His father was a major in the army, and his mother, after the death of her first husband, married a Major VON GAUVAN. On the occasion of NOBILING's graduation at the University of Leipsic, in 1876, he prepared an elaborate thesis, entitled "Contributions to the History of Agriculture in the Saal District, Province of Saxony," the last page of which contains his *curriculum vitæ*, and reads as follows:

"On the 10th of April in the eventful year 1848, in the royal demesne of Kollno, near Birnbaum, province of Posen, where my father rented some land, I first beheld the light of the world. My earliest instruction I received from a succession of private tutors, to the last of whom, Herr FRIEDRICH LIEBE, then reading for his degree in philology, my grateful acknowledgments are specially due. It was his principle in education not only to give his pupils a scientific training as full and many-sided as possible, but to bestow equal attention to qualifying them for the practical duties of life awaiting them. The same principle ('*non scholæ, sed vitæ*') also directed the Royal School at Züllichau, which I next attended, having passed through its five highest classes, the upper third, the lower and upper second, the lower and upper first, in four and a half years—from Easter, 1863, to Michaelmas, 1867. The school period over, I devoted myself for three years to practical agriculture, after which I studied at Halle for three sessions—from Michaelmas, 1870, to Easter, 1872—political science (*Staatswissenschaft*) and agriculture. The two following years I was again at practical work, diversified, however, by several months' travel, which I undertook in order to become acquainted with a large number of farms and industrial establishments of various kinds. From Easter, 1874, to Easter, 1875, I resumed and continued my studies at Halle in the same branches as formerly, following them up by a sixth, seventh, and now eighth session at this Leipsic University."

The domestic history of the NOBILING family is a singularly unhappy one, and it would seem as if insanity might reasonably be pleaded as an excuse for the recent attempt upon the life of the aged Emperor. The father of the assassin was an eccentric man, who committed suicide without any apparent motive. Of his sisters, one, whose affections were settled on an ineligible person, was locked up by her father in a sort of chapel built for the purpose; another died insane; a third sister has devoted herself to religion, and now serves as a Protestant Sister of Charity in a Berlin hospital. NOBILING himself is described as a gloomy and taciturn individual, talented, well-instructed, and ambitious, with a certain modesty of behavior. In October, 1877, he went to Berlin and took an apartment in the Leipzigerstrasse, where he spent much of his time engaged in study. In January of this year he removed to the thoroughfare "Unter den Linden," and hired a room on the second floor of No. 18. It was from the window of this house that the attempt at assassination was made.

After committing the miserable deed, NOBILING appears to have had no idea of attempting to escape; but upon the appearance of the persons who forced their way into his room, he discharged one or two shots in self-defense, and then attempted suicide, but only succeeded in wounding himself severely in the head. Before turning his pistol upon himself, however, he stated to the gentlemen who attempted to seize him that he had shot at the Emperor from purely political motives, and that he was selected to do the deed from among a number of his associates, the matter having been decided by lot. Several beer glasses were noticed in his room at the time of the attempt, which had not been seen there before, which points to the conclusion that others besides himself were concerned in the attempted assassination, and that they were not far distant at the time. Two letters addressed to him were received after his arrest, both of which were to all appearance entirely unimportant. There is trifling evidence to prove that Nobiling had had the crime in contemplation for some time. The story goes that a few days after Hödel's attempt he said to the maid-servant of his landlady that the Emperor was sure to be shot at some day by a practiced hand. Upon the girl remarking on the uselessness of assassinating the Emperor, even from the Socialist point of view, Nobiling replied: "No doubt the Crown Prince will succeed, but if he is killed too; and the next ten that may succeed him are promptly disposed of in like manner, we shall have the republic in no time." The same girl states that Nobiling was in the habit of burning every letter directly after receiving it.

Such utterances as the above go far to establish the theory that Nobiling was insane. Again, it is difficult to conjecture what any person in the full possession of his senses could hope to gain by killing the aged ruler of Germany. He is already so old that his remaining years can be but few, and even if he were to pass away, his death could do little or nothing to help the revolutionary party. There was a time when he was supposed to represent despotic principles, and when some parts of the administrative system might have perished with him, but that time is past. There can be no doubt that he now faithfully reflects the wishes of the great majority of the German people, and it is to his ministers rather than to himself that the malcontents should look to find the authorship of such legislative schemes as have provoked the greatest amount of popular dissension. Certainly, if the recent attempt upon the Emperor's life had been successful, the storm of indignation that would have arisen against the party supposed to have been in sympathy with such a deed would have reacted in the suppression of liberties now enjoyed rather than in the establishment of greater freedom. Apart from his political services, the old ruler has qualities which endear him to his subjects. They are proud of the manhood which the weight of eighty years has not robbed of the powers to attend to the daily duties of sovereignty; they like his frank, genial, soldier-like ways; they like that simplicity of taste and habit which the splendors of an imperial position have left unchanged. Had the shots fired by Hödel or Nobiling reached the Emperor's life, there would have been an outburst of sorrow like that which followed the murder of Lincoln.

Yet, on the other hand, it is impossible to deny that the Emperor is in a great measure responsible for the present military system of Germany. The great work of his life was performed through the agency of the army, the strength of which it has always been his supreme object to uphold; and, according to the Socialists, all the evils from which the mass of the German people suffer spring from the sacrifice of industry and agriculture to an exaggerated military system. The late wars have created a class of men of no fixed occupation, who do not like to earn their bread by labor as formerly, and who by precept and example spread bad habits among the laboring classes of the nation. Agriculture has become less productive, and industry can no longer make head against foreign competition. This state of things, they maintain, is to be reformed by collective labor, by co-operation, by the creation of national factories, and the employment in them of all the valued and available arms of Germany. But to put this remedy into execution the present military situation must be altered. Germany, as Socialists often say, must be unbarracked. When Germany is relieved of this plague, which carries off her greatest source of wealth, her strong arms and her youth, she will return to labor, and will prosper again. The barracks must be converted into manufactories, and industrial armies must replace their present tenants, who consume without producing, and are fed by the labor of others.

Doctrines such as these can alone account for so wild and apparently senseless an act as the assassination of the amiable and benevolent occupant of the throne of Germany. The Emperor is denounced by the Socialistic party as being the chief promoter and protector of German militaryism. To him, they say, it is due that this social scourge has attained its present proportions, and so long as he lives he will maintain it as the instrument through whose strength Prince Bismarck is enabled to carry out his plans. Without the army, they maintain, that powerful opponent of popular liberties could do little, and it is the Emperor that keeps it up and develops it. The Emperor gone, the policy of war would be abandoned, and Prince Bismarck would either retire from office or would give up his policy of conquest for one of peaceful and social development. These are the sophistries which, promulgated among enthusiasts and fanatics, lead to such monstrous crimes as the one attempted by Nobiling.

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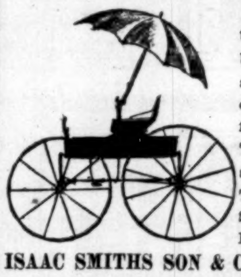

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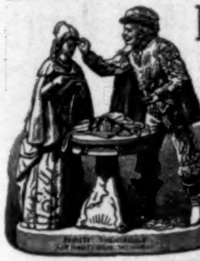

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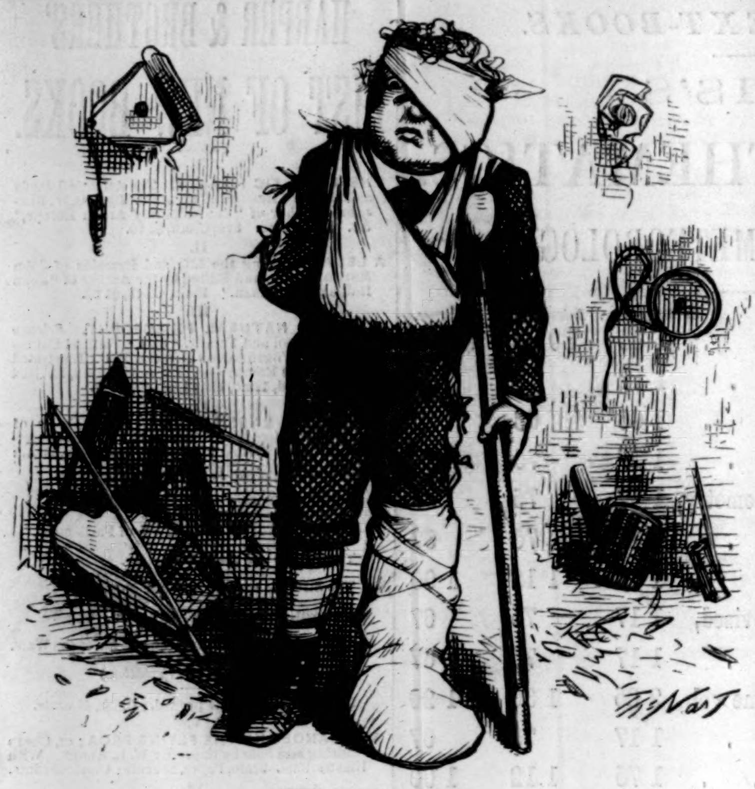

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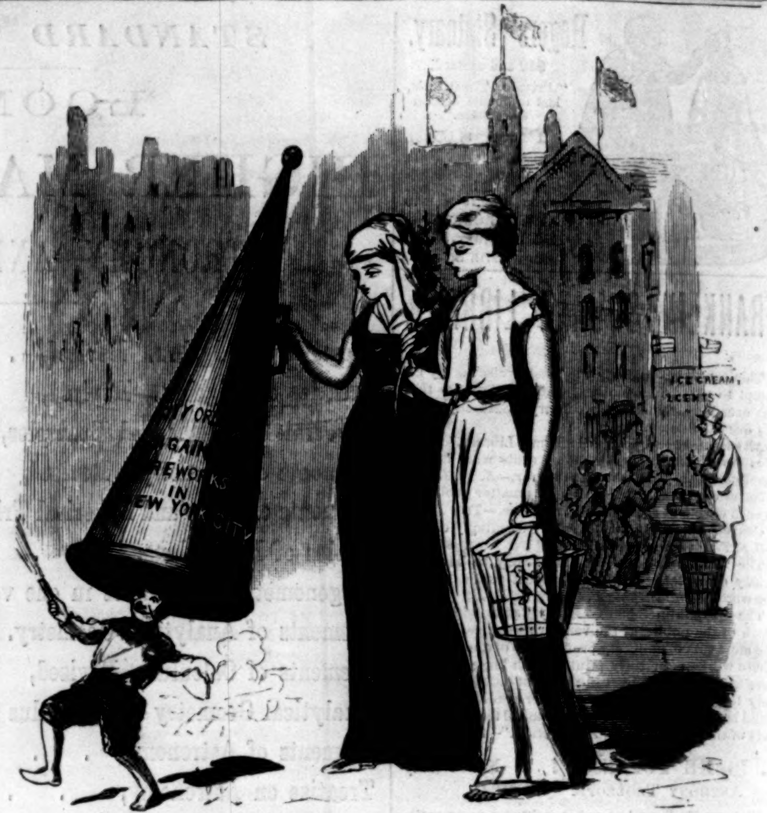

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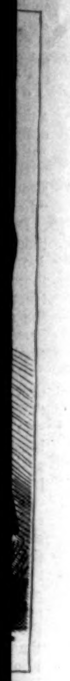

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CHAPTER I.

WE are in Quebec, in the year of grace one thousand six hundred and ninety-seven. It is the close of a hot summer day in the month of August, and the colonists, after the heat and labor of the day, are gathered in groups upon the Grand Battery of Cape Diamond, enjoying the cool evening breeze and the prospect of their noble country, of which, indeed, one can never tire. On the right lie stretched the Plains of Abraham, not yet reddened with the blood of Wolfe and Montcalm. Here and there may be seen a clearing, here and there the sloping roof of the white Canadian homestead; farther west, still in the blue distance, may be detected the light wreath of smoke which tells of an Iroquois encampment, or the supper fire of a trapper. Lying beneath them, 300 feet below, is the broad and mighty river St. Lawrence. There are not yet so many ships as are destined to lie upon its waters as the years pass on; but it is August, the time when the vessels from France have brought their freight and passengers, and are waiting for the return cargo of furs and peltries, which as yet constitute the whole wealth of the country. There are about a dozen of these craft, some so small that modern sailors would laugh at a proposal to ship on board them for the American shores, some high-pooped, stately, like great East Indiamen, which on occasion might be converted into men-of-war for the king's most excellent Majesty, should he, in his wisdom, deem it right and fitting to declare war against England. The river is crowded, too, with canoes, mostly made out of a single hollowed trunk, in which two or three boatmen sit, their paddles held in readiness, but content for the present to float idly down the stream. They are waiting with some impatience for the sun to set and the night to fall. Then you will see all these lazy little craft spring at once into animation. Every canoe will be gently paddled to places where the river makes broad shallows near its banks, or up one of the many creeks which flow into the St. Lawrence. For it is at night that these boatmen pursue their summer trade of spearing the fish attracted by a light held over the bows. Beyond the river is Point Levi, already studded with a few wooden houses of *habitants* who trust to their own courage to defend themselves against the murderous and cowardly red Indian. To the east, the great river flowing below them forever on its way to the ocean, stands here and there, upon the high northern bank, the clearings of settlers, with their high-roofed white houses. To the north of the settlements, nothing: only mile beyond mile of forest, dense, dark, untracked, unexplored, where the bear may prowl at his ease, without the least fear of being disturbed by men, and the beaver may build its dam across the river without terror of the trapper; endless miles of fir, hemlock, and maple losing themselves in the long line of hills beyond. And, just below the city, the fair and smiling Isle of Orleans, covered with wild vines, the garden of New France.

The waters on this still evening in August are so calm, and the air is so clear and free from fog, that every thing is reflected clear and sharp. There are not two banks but four, every ship is doubled, and each canoe presents its counterpart in the water beneath.

The city of Quebec was not so stately in the year 1697 as is her noble successor of 1878: its streets were narrow and more winding; its houses were crammed together, as if, which was the fact, they were clustering for shelter within the walls; they were mostly plain structures built of wood; every year saw a conflagration of part of the city, and the general appearance was mean. But there was the Castle, there was the Hôtel Dieu, there was the Convent of the Ursulines, in the Fief St. Joseph, standing almost where they stand now; there were the churches, which still remain, and there was the Seminary. Quebec was not without public buildings. There were also a few stone houses, and all, whether of wood or of stone, had high sloping roofs of shingle, which formed a picturesque feature; the pavements were of wood; and the streets, where they climbed the hill, were rough and almost precipitous.

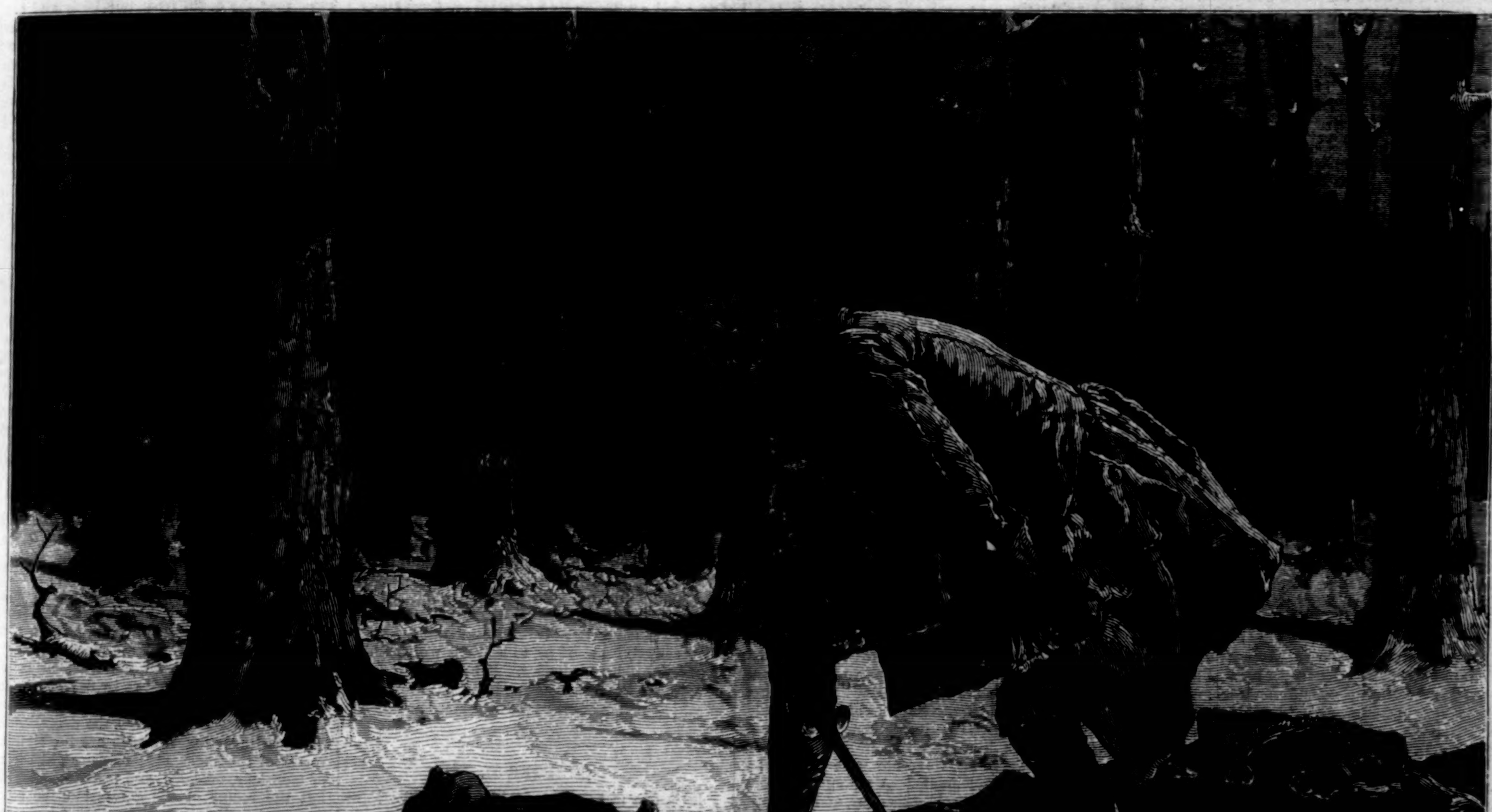
The stormy days of Quebec were over—those early days when the colony starved through the miserable winters and fought for life through the summers; when the Algonquins, the Hurons, and the Iroquois by turns threatened their lives; and when to venture outside their palisades and embankments was to risk scalping. The disastrous and shameful time was past when the flag had to be hauled down in submission should one of His Britannic Majesty's ships sail up the river, for want of men to man the guns. As for the English, it was in 1690, only seven years since, stern old Governor de Frontenac drove them in discomfiture from beneath the fort. Whom the Canadians have once defeated they fear no longer. And as regards the Indians, the Algonquins were dispersed and exterminated, the last survivors of the Hurons were living in Lorette, and the Iroquois came now into the city only to pray the white men for peace and forgiveness.

There are several idle groups talking and sitting among the guns of the battery. We are interested only in one of four persons—a lady in middle age, a young girl of seventeen, and two young men. One of these young men, the elder, is dressed *en grand tenue*, as a French gentleman; he wears lace at his cuffs and collar; his embroidered waistcoat falls nearly to his knees; his shoes have gold buckles; he wears a sword, and he carries gloves. He is in very early manhood; his face is clear cut, thin, and bears a quiet and sedate look, as if he was already heavily charged with the responsibilities of life. This, indeed, is the case. He is Philippe d'Estrée, the young Seigneur of St. André de Tilly; he is this day twenty-one years of age, and has donned this magnificent apparel—which is, indeed, inherited from his father—in honor of the event, and as suitable for the act of homage which he has paid to the Count de Frontenac, Governor of the colony.

Already the sobering influences of the Canadian climate are clearly manifest in him, one of the third generation of French Canadians. Jean d'Estrée, his grandfather, had been one of Champlain's earliest settlers; his father, François d'Estrée, like himself, was born in Quebec. Like all the native *habitants*, Philippe d'Estrée had lost the French vivacity, their brilliancy, and their vehemence. He was a grave and sober young man, who accepted life as a battle which he resolved to fight to the best of his ability. His seigniorial rights were held over a small estate of little value, by the farming of which he could live, as Canadian settlers always have lived, in comfort and plenty, but without money. His estate, St. André de Tilly, lay just outside the city walls, where the land is poor, and yields little. He had, in addition, a house built handsomely and strongly of stone, on the Grande Place. Although only about twenty years old, it was already covered with ivy, which gave it the appearance of considerable antiquity. The possession of this house, indeed, one of the most considerable in Quebec, gave the Famille d'Estrée a certain social rank which their poor lands would certainly not have effected for them. Among the gentry of New France, the D'Estrées ranked as high as any, and were always present at those more select gatherings which the Count de Frontenac assembled at his ceremonious court.

Standing beside Philippe was Jean d'Estrée, his younger brother. He was but a boy of fourteen, and his face wore a heavy, repellent expression; he wanted the clear features and frank, gallant bearing of the elder. He was dressed like any young Canadian farmer of the time, and, indeed, almost of the present time, in a long coat of homespun cloth, which reached to his knee, and was tied round the waist by a sash of crimson silk; he wore woolen gray stockings, and a pair of leather moccasins tied round his ankles. Every thing, in fact, was home-made: the straw hat upon his head, which was plaited by an Indian servant; his shirt, made from linen spun out of the flax grown in their own fields; his stockings, his coat, and the loose neckcloth, which, left untied, allowed the cool air to get at his throat.

And though the lady, Madame De Montmagny, wife of the Seigneur of Bon Secours, was dressed after the fashion of ladies in France—I mean, of course, of her time and when she left it—her daughter, the girl standing demurely beside her, wore, just as Canadian girls in the Quebec country districts wear now, no bonnet, but a small white cap, a mantelet of some bright stuff, and a petticoat of dark cloth. And as this group were dressed, so were all the rest, except that young D'Estrée alone wore, as we have seen, the dress of ceremony. Because, although it is twenty years and more since the Marquis de Tracy arrived with two thousand settlers, and that regiment of Carignan which gave us safety and assured us at least against starvation, we are still a simple, frugal people, clinging to the traditions and customs of the old country from which we are drifting farther apart with every day. For France is losing the old faith, which we retain; and France is dropping her simple belief in the aristocracy, which we hold fast; and France is falling away from her priests, to whom we cling closer every day; and France is beginning to disobey those ordinances of the Church which we regard as the very portals of heaven; and France is following ways of pleasantness and luxury of which we hear and shudder, because here life is so great a reality,



"THE CHEVALIER DRAWS THE SWORD OUT CAREFULLY, AND BENDS OVER HIS FALLEN ENEMY."

so hard a struggle, that luxury and pleasantness seem dreams invented by the devil as a mockery and a snare.

"Tell me, Philippe," said Madame De Montmagny, "of to-day's ceremony."

Philippe's face lit up with pride.

"I was introduced," he said, "by your husband, dressed, like myself, for the court. The Count de Frontenac sat in the Great Hall, surrounded by the king's officers—the Captain Commandant of the colonial troops, the Admiral of the Fleet, the Bishop, the Intendant, and the clergy. I gave up my sword on entering the Hall, and was led by M. De Montmagny to the throne on which the count sits when he acts as Viceroy. Then on my knees, while the count held my sword in his hand, I rendered my act of homage, and acknowledged that I held my lands of the king, that I am his man, that I will fight for him and the royal suit and service, as may be required. It is a simple ceremony, but it connects us Canadians with France, and it imposes duties upon us which we must not forget. Then the count raised me by the hand, gave me my sword, and I bowed and retired backward, as from the presence of the king's Most Excellent Majesty."

"Your dress becomes you, Philippe," said the elder lady.

"One would at least like, before his Majesty's representative, to have the dress and manners of a gentleman," said the young man, with a little natural elation at having successfully got through his part.

Just then, from another of the groups on the battery, there detached himself a young man about the same age as Philippe d'Estrée, or perhaps a year or two older. He was dressed like him, but with a difference. For Philippe wore his own hair, in short curls, but this young man wore a peruke, in which the curls were quite preposterously long. Philippe, too, wore his hat with one brim turned up; this young gallant turned up both brims of his hat, and had a row of little feathers round it, instead of a plume. Philippe wore broad falling bands, but this young fellow wore small Geneva bands. There were other small points of difference between them, as the carriage of the sword, the pose of the body, the step, which with Philippe was sedate, and with this young gentleman arrogant.

He came toward them, walking delicately, and took off his hat with such a flourish as Charles the Second might have admired.

"In this land of banishment," he began, in that vein of compliment which was then fashionable, "we are happy, indeed, in being able to bask under the sunshine of Stella's eyes."

He looked at the young lady, who, for her part, turned to her mother as if for an answer.

"You must not expect my daughter, M. De Chevalier," replied the elder lady, "to be apt in the language of the Précieuses. At the Convent of the Ursulines it was simple 'Yes' and 'No.'"

"At least, madame," replied the Chevalier, "the language of homage to beauty is intelligible all the world over, even in barbarous Canada."

"That barbarous Canada," said Philippe, quietly, "is the land of your father's adoption."

"And your grandfather's," replied the young man; "like his coat, which you have this day exhibited to M. De Frontenac and his admiring court. I congratulate you upon the success of your appearance. We did not laugh till you were gone."

"If the coat is not of the newest fashion," returned the young Seigneur of St. André, "it has been carried bravely before the eyes of the king, and if any one laughs at me before my face I know what to say to that man."

"I have no doubt of it," said the Chevalier. "As a coat, it is beyond all praise: as an illustration of the present *mode*, it is not without points in disfavor."

"Come, M. le Chevalier," said the elder lady, "you are only recently returned from Paris. It is not every day that we have the advantage of seeing the latest court fashions illustrated by so accomplished a gentleman. You must lend them to your old friend Philippe, if that is necessary, though I think he will prefer to remain as he is."

Philippe laughed good-naturedly.

"Perhaps I should, madame. But I thank the Chevalier all the same. When we sat side by side on the benches of the Petit Séminaire we both wore the homespun of Canada and the moccasins of the country, just like my brother Jean here, and were not ashamed. To-morrow I go back to the country dress, and shall not be ashamed of it. But then I am only a country farmer. And what will you do, La Perade, when you leave your fine regiment of Orleans, and return to till the soil of your father's seigneurie?"

The Chevalier de la Perade shuddered.

"I can not tell. I am in no hurry for that day. I do not love agriculture, save in others. Ploughmen sow and reap for soldiers to devour. Meantime I remain with my regiment as long as I can. It is better to make others work for you whenever you can."

Then the talk, which had been without heat or temper throughout, changed into the topics of the day, and they conversed about the little nothings which go to make up the peaceful colonial life. And then night came gradually upon them, and the river, and the forests, and the Plains of Abraham, and the Isle of Orleans at their feet, seemed to fade away into dark spaces with darker belts. And then the canoes lit their lanterns, and the foolish fish, looking up to see what meant this sudden burst of light into the dark depths where they were sleeping, were suddenly speared. And the light wreaths of smoke became points of fire, and the ships on the river became formless masses, each with a lantern burning at the masthead. And the voices of those who spoke and the tramp of the many feet became hushed, because the folk were going home.

"Come, Clairette," said her mother. "Chevalier, we lie to-night at the Maison d'Estrée. We hope to see you soon at Montmorenci. Philippe and Jean, your mother will be waiting for you. Come home soon."

The ladies gone, the Chevalier yawned, half turned on his heel, and said he must go too.

He was in the suite of the Governor, an aid-de-camp, as we should call him now; he was a Canadian by birth, the son of Count de la Perade, formerly captain in the gallant Savoy Carignan regiment which came over in 1673 with the Marquis de Tracy. The captain had obtained a concession—a piece of ground with a narrow frontage to the river, a long parallelogram of forest stretching some miles away to the north, and a goodly slice of the Isle d'Orleans. He was called the Seigneur de Bon Secours. He had also some small *rentes* in Savoy, which he sold, and so was able not only to establish himself in a style superior to that of most of the Seigneurs, who were simply country squires holding from the crown, but to send his son to France to get him a commission in a good regiment, and to bring him back to Canada in some capacity about the Governor's court. The Count de la Perade we therefore regarded as a man of quite the highest social standing in the colony, next to the Governor, the Intendant, and the Bishop.

His son, the Chevalier, had been back for a few weeks only. Philippe greeted him with a cordiality only half returned, because the young traveller had seen just enough of Paris to feel the rusticity of his former friends, while he had forgotten their real honesty and bearing. Therefore he looked on the inherited wardrobe of poor Philippe, kept in *armoires* and closets for such an occasion as his reception by M. De Frontenac, and upon the home-made dress of the young *hobereau* with an undisguised contempt.

"As for Madame De Montmagny," he said to himself, picking his way over the roughness of the road to the gates of the Castle of St. Louis, "she is, of course, more antiquated than any grandmother in Paris. The *Précieuses!* As if we had not done with them five-and-twenty years ago! And *la petite* Clairette, with her slender figure and dainty face! What a shame to give her such a dress and such a cap! I wonder how she would look at the court? I would be leading her by the hand. The old king would step down the pathway made for him, looking right and left into the ladies' faces, after his fashion, and then he would spy Clairette, and he would stop. 'Mademoiselle,' he would say, in his splendid manner, 'suffer an old man to kiss your hand.' And then all the court ladies would envy, and I—I should be the envied of all, and next morning half a dozen duels, all for the *beaux yeux* of Mademoiselle Clairette de Montmagny."

The boy Jean had by this time gone too, and Philippe was left alone. The light raillery of his old school friend somehow left an unpleasant impression upon him. It was not pleasant to feel that the ceremony of which he thought so much, the assumption of his dignity, Seigneur of St. André, had been shorn of its proper solemnity in the eyes of others by his own old-fashioned attire. It was of no use to repeat to himself that the old Count de Frontenac cared little for that kind of external correctness, provided he could rely on the man who bore the name. It did not help to assure him that the circle who stood round the sturdy old Governor were those who looked for men, not habits. A young man does not like to think himself ridiculous, and Philippe felt as if the bloom and glory of his act of homage had somehow been taken out of it.

Of course it was not so. Of course the Governor recognized in young D'Estrée a worthy bearer of the good old name. Of course the ridicule of the Chevalier was exaggerated, and the dress in which Philippe appeared at court was, except in one or two details, one in which he might have appeared in a *salon* of Paris. But it is in these little details that young men place the whole importance of things.

Philippe strolled slowly in the direction of the ivy-covered house of stone, thinking of these things. Suddenly there flashed across his mind a thought which, only a suspicion as yet, was like a sharp knife plunged swiftly into his heart. For it was connected with Clairette.

He had grown up beside her; she was but two years younger than himself; they had played together in the short Canadian summers, skated and gone tobogganing in the long winters, learned to read together, read together. Her mother was the friend of his own; her father was the friend of his own; both families belonged to the same rank, that of the Seigneurs; both were poor, which mattered nothing; both were proud of their gentle blood; both had the same ideas, the same prejudices, the same stand-point from which to regard their little world. And so, without saying a word to the girl, he had come to regard her as his own property. And it now occurred to him that young De la Perade was beginning to look upon the girl with eyes that meant admiration.

"No," thought Philippe, instinctively clutching at the hilt of his sword—"no. He may laugh at my rusticity; that matters nothing. But he shall not take my bride from me. That touches my honor—*foi de gentilhomme*."

Within the house there was the usual family circle—his mother, Madame De Montmagny, next to her Clairette, and his brother Jean poring over a book. A single oil lamp hung from the black rafters of the ceiling, and lit up the group.

Philippe took a chair beside Clairette.

"Tell me, Clairette," he said, in low tones which yet had nothing of the lover in them—"tell me what you think of the Chevalier de la Perade."

She looked in his face, smiling.

"I think he is amusing. He brings into our quiet colonial life something of the Parisian atmosphere. He has been among the world of which we hear."

"It is a hollow world and a wicked world, my child," said Madame D'Estrée—"a world where men lightly say things which are not true, for no other purpose than to please women who are foolish enough to be pleased by flattery, and where women vie with each other in fine dress, in frivolous amusements, such as stage acting and dancing, and where men and women alike waste the brains which God has bestowed upon them in saying epigrams and fine things in words which you would not understand."

"But to see the Grand Monarque, Madame?" said Clairette.

"That, I own," said Madame De Montmagny, "that would be worth the risk of the journey to Paris and back; that would be something to hand down, after we are gone, to our children as a family memory to be proud of and to be cherished. M. De la Perade has been actually presented to the king. It is an advantage which the gentlemen of New France do not often acquire. My poor Philippe, is it not?"

"Yes," replied Philippe, readily, because the name of the Great King was one before which all Frenchmen at the time bowed down and worshipped. "Yes, it is a great thing to have been presented at the court. But I was thinking of the Chevalier's manners. Do you like them, Clairette?"

"Yes," she said. "I like them. He is respectful to ladies, and he asserts his own importance at the same time. It is as if he were a young god condescending to please the weakness of mortals."

"The society of ladies and gentlemen," said Madame D'Estrée, "is based upon the respect paid by the stronger to the weaker. Without that respect, men are brutes and women are slaves."

"Do we not also, we Canadians, respect the weakness of women, mother?" asked her son.

"Surely, Philippe, surely. It is in the manner only, the manner which is acquired at courts alone, that the gentlemen of Paris surpass those of New France. The Chevalier de la Perade has this manner."

"And I have not," said Philippe.

"And I hope that I never shall have," burst out the boy, raising his head from the book. "If to say what you do not mean, and to sneer at a man because the lace on his coat is old-fashioned, and his scarf of the last generation, is courtly fashion, let me be Canadian."

"Jean, you are young. You do not know the world," said Madame D'Estrée.

"The external manner has to be cultivated, my son," observed Madame Montmagny, "as much as the internal posture of the soul. The graces of conversation, sentiment, and behavior should be as mirrors in which the Christian virtues may be reflected."

It will be seen that the conversation of this Canadian household was conducted on what would now be called rather a copy-book pattern. It was a great time for mutual exhortation, and for the practicing of those virtues which have now become so much a part of Christian maxim that we have ceased, some of us, to think it worth while to practice them any longer. What are the bonds of morality, say these philosophers, that they alone of things human are never to be relaxed and never changed?

CHAPTER II.

It is five months later. We are at the New Year, the time when the *habitants*, who have, to be sure, nothing else to do in the winter, spend a whole fortnight in visiting, receiving visits, and running from house to house; and we are at the residence of M. De Montmagny, father of the sweet and tender Clairette.

He is a Canadian of the second generation, the son of one of those who came out hoping to find in New France that toleration for their religion which they could not find at home. The toleration offered was a choice between persecution within the palisades of Quebec or being scalped outside. This disagreeable position led to the reconsideration on the part of most heretics in the colony of their religious convictions. Gradually the arguments of the Catholics were found to have so much more weight that every Huguenot who had not crossed over the St. Lawrence and gone into New England became a disciple of the old faith, and there were no more heretics, Huguenots, doubters, or free-thinkers left in the colony at all. And to this day, if such there be among the French, needs must that they hide their heads or go about in disguise.

M. De Montmagny is a son of a Huguenot *émigré*. Philippe d'Estrée is a grandson of one of the first Frenchmen who landed with Champlain. The young Chevalier de la Perade is the son of one of the latest settlers. Besides the advantage of being nearer to France in the number of years of separation, the Chevalier has the additional advantage, as we have seen, of having actually been in Paris. He has therefore the true French air, and hardly disguises his contempt for the provincialism of the Seigneurs with whom he has to associate. Also, he has yet to discover that a few years of colonial life will certainly make him as sober and as sedate as M. De Montmagny himself. He must, he knows, sooner or later settle down in the colony upon the lands over which his father now reigns. As for his moral character, he is a man who has imbibed the vices as well as the manners of the court; his talk sparkles, but it is cold; he dazzles, but he does not inspire confidence; he eclipses the simple Canadian gentleman, like Philippe d'Estrée, but he does not supplant him in the regard of others.

During the last five months the friendship of the two young men toward each other has been gradually growing feebler, until it has been replaced by an unspoken hostility. With the arrival of the New Year this feeling has gradually ripened into a passion of active hatred on the part of the Chevalier, and a stern determination in a certain direction on that of Philippe. There were, of course, other reasons for this hostility besides the offensive airs of superiority which the young soldier gave himself. There was, to begin with, jealousy. Philippe's suspicion was well founded; the eyes of the Chevalier fell upon Clairette with admiration which rapidly grew into love; he made no secret of his passion, and while Philippe silently waited, hoping that a favorable time would shortly come for addressing M. De Montmagny, the Chevalier went about the city wearing Clairette's colors, toasting Clairette, and singing the praises of Clairette's beauty.

As regards the girl, she carried herself with the demureness of a properly brought up young lady. No doubt it was pleasant to be the object of such enthusiastic admiration from the most splendid of the young cavaliers about the court of M. De Frontenac. No doubt, too, she admired in return the Chevalier's gallant manner, his dash, his brilliancy, and the easy confidence of his conversation. But as for him, one does not know. For, on the other hand, she knew pretty well that Philippe loved her, and, fresh from the convent as she was, she suspected that his love was not quite of the fraternal kind—albeit steady, well-disciplined, and silent. She trusted Philippe, too, and there were rumors afloat about the private life of the Chevalier which made her feel a little doubtful of his constancy. Young girls, however, think little of constancy. But Philippe she knew that she could trust implicitly and always. He was, as every body admitted, a young man of exalted principles, who wanted nothing but a year or two at court to make him as superior to the Chevalier in manner as he certainly was in all solid qualities. But as for love, she had nothing to do with it; young ladies in Canada had their husbands chosen for them, dutifully fell in love with the young man of their parents' selection, gave their hearts where they were commanded, and obeyed their parents until they obeyed their lords; and the system worked very well, and gave no trouble.

There is another consideration in matters concerning marriage arrangements—that of property. Philippe had land in plenty, but it was of poor quality, and cultivated over a very small proportion. M. De Montmagny's estate was better situated and of better soil; consequently he was richer. But this inequality might have been overlooked. What was a greater danger was the fact that the Chevalier was the son of the richest Seigneur in the whole province. His father's lands in the Isle of Orleans were, for extent, cultivation, and fertility, by far the most advanced in the colony. Should the Count de la Perade ask for Mademoiselle Clairette for his son, what other answer should a prudent father give? And this invitation was expected daily by M. De Montmagny, who had his reply ready. It was, of course, that Clairette should go to the young man.

New-Year's Day; evening in Canadian mid-winter; the guests of the Seigneur of Montmorenci are assembled in the hall which forms a *salon* and *salle à manger* both, a large room of which the beams of the roof form the only ceiling. The great house stove, which in winter burned by night as well as by day, stands half in the wall of partition, between the *salon* and the kitchen; on either side are the doors leading to the small apartments which are the simple bedrooms of the household; on the right the rooms of monsieur, madame, and mademoiselle; on the left the rooms of the guests and the servants. Seven o'clock: the supper is finished, and the party are sitting still at the table. The priest is one of the guests—was ever Canadian festivity complete without the presence of the priest?—an old man, white-haired, but hale; the others are Philippe and the Chevalier. They tell stories of old Canadian times; of the martyrdom of good Father Lallement, the massacres of the *habitants* by Indians, and especially the great Lachine massacre; the defeat of the English seven or eight years before, the safety and prosperity of the colony, stories of their own prowess in the *chasse* of the bear, and their expeditions up the rivers in search of furs. Some evil genius possessed the Chevalier that night. He openly scoffed at whatever his rival said; he questioned his assertions; he looked incredulous when he heard his narrations; and he rudely interrupted him. M. De Montmagny, not knowing of any ill-feeling between the two young men, thought nothing of what seemed to him only boisterous raillery. To Philippe, however, it was not raillery at all, but insult; his rival was making him appear ridiculous before Clairette. He made no reply, or the scantiest, as the Chevalier grew more ungoverned in his attacks, but his face clouded over, and the priest, who knew him well, saw with misgiving that all was not well between the two young men. At nine they retired, according to the comfortable doctrine of the French Canadian that early to bed saves candles.

The Chevalier sat down upon the bed in his room, thinking. What a clumsy colonial *hobereau* was this D'Estrée, compared to himself! He to have the fair Clairette? Never. His father should at once make the necessary overtures; he would marry her within a month; he would take her back to France; she should shine at court. Meantime he must begin to undress and get to bed. Then his door opened, and Philippe d'Estrée came in. By the light in his eyes the Chevalier knew what was coming.

"I thank you," said Philippe, in a voice so low that it was almost a whisper—"I thank you for the insults which you have been good enough to heap upon me this day. I now come to tell you what I could not tell you before ladies."

"I understand perfectly," said the Chevalier, rising. "When, Monsieur D'Estrée, and where?"

"It is only a question of a few days' difference," said Philippe. "I had already made up my mind that, so long as I live, whatever decision her father should make, you should not marry Clairette. That being so, I should have been obliged to insult you on some pretext. Now I am not good

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at pretense, not like you gentlemen of Parisian manners. I can not make up a lie cleverly. I should most certainly have spoiled it all by some *gaucherie.* I thank you, therefore, again for saving me this trouble and vexation. We will fight, monsieur, now. If you will, permit me to lead the way?"

"*Volontiers,*" replied the other, gayly. "It is a fine night, but cold. That, however, makes no difference. Bah! we shall be warm enough presently."

He threw his fur cloak round him, took his sword, and prepared to follow his challenger. "Lead on, monsieur. In silence, if you please."

Doors in Canada were never locked, because there was no one to fear except Indians, and doors will not stop them. And at the moment there was little cause for fear of Indians, the Hurons being already nearly exterminated, and the Algonquins either driven far away from the French settlements, or else reduced to live in small camps, fishing and hunting peacefully.

Philippe then led the way, stealing noiselessly over the boards to the kitchen, through which there was a back way out of the house. Outside it was a clear moonlight night, without a breath of air to rustle the boughs of the pines against each other. The snow lay thick and soft beneath the feet. It was so clear and bright that the two young men who were thus stealing forth to kill each other could see to play their murderous game as well as if it had been broad daylight.

The house was within half a mile of the Falls of Montmorenci. You could hear as you stood outside the door the raging and the roaring of the waters as they leaped over the precipice into the dark circular pool two or three hundred feet below. But what was a pool of whirling water in summer was now a great cone of ice raising daily higher and higher. Later generations of Canadians would look on the Falls of Montmorenci as furnishing them with the most splendid slopes for those toboggans of which they are so fond. In 1697 some of the people in Quebec knew of Montmorenci just as in London people at the same time might have known of Grasmere and Wastwater, as a name. The two young men who walked through the forest, guided by Philippe, were to a remarkably limited extent open to the influences of scenery that night. Perhaps, however, when one is going to fight a duel, landscape scenery is not a thing to think about. Else, when they stood on the western cliff which looks over the falls, they might have changed their murderous intentions in view of this great work of God, and gone home humbled and repentant.

It is a very beautiful view, that from the western cliff of Montmorenci Falls. It is best in summer, because then the trees are in full leaf on either side, sadly diminished in number since the European axe first broke the stillness of the forest, but stately still. Nothing helps scenery so much as trees. And in these days there is some further assistance to the general effect to be got out of a few odd buildings, the remains of a bridge, a tottering cottage, and so forth. Two hundred years ago there was nothing. From a vast cave of ice which might have been the mouth of some great giant poured the flood of the Montmorenci River. On either hand was a level table of rock, between which it leaped over the perpendicular precipice of two hundred feet, and, as has been said, it falls into a deep circular pool, beyond which now are the great mills worked by this tremendous water-power, moored, so to speak, on rafts a mile long, upon which stand streets, boulevards, squares, terraces of pine logs, cut and dressed, ready for the ships to carry them away. Then there was nothing but the St. Lawrence and the masses of floating ice on the banks of the river.

"Is this your place, monsieur?" asked the Chevalier, quietly drawing his sword. "*Ma foi!* it is a quiet place for you to die in. Had you not better give up the lady, and let us all be friends again? Come, no one knows of our quarrel. No one shall know. We will walk back again arm in arm, go to bed, and in the morning we shall have forgotten all about it. Only I shall have Clairette."

He was no coward, this young Chevalier, but he did not want to fight. He had upon him, perhaps, that presentiment of evil which is sometimes said to fall upon man. Unluckily it always comes too late to prevent the occurrence of the evil, and might, therefore, for all the good it does, just as well stay away.

For all answer Philippe drew his sword, lightly flung his glove in his antagonist's face, and stood on guard.

In those days it was excessively bad form to offer your enemy more than the shadow of an insult. In these, things are changed. I have myself seen a man dash his fist in the face of another; I have seen a man box the ears of another; I have seen a man kick another: such things in the seventeenth century were quite impossible among gentlemen. Yet the semblance of such an insult was enough; blood must flow before the Chevalier, after receiving that glove in his face, could rest satisfied.

The moon, impartially, shone upon both without favor. They divided the moon loyally, neither seeking nor taking advantage.

They looked at each other for a moment, and then the Chevalier, taking off his hat and making a low bow, quite in the courtly style, placed himself in position, and their swords met.

Philippe was skillful in fencing. Every young Canadian had in those days to be a good shot, a good fencer, a good runner—running away in Indian warfare was by no means reprehensible—and a good scout. He was fearless too, and stood before his adversary with a pulse beating as calmly as if he had been playing with the foils. But he fenced after the old rules of the old school, And the Chevalier knew the newest dodges of the Parisian fencing master. One, two, a parry in tierce, a pass in quart—what is it? His blade flashes here and there swiftly, dividing the air, until, with a sudden lunge, it passes through the body of his adversary, and Philippe lies before him, bleeding fast to death. The Chevalier draws the sword out carefully, and bends over his fallen enemy.

The unfortunate young Seigneur does not speak. He closes his eyes. The Chevalier bends over him and listens.

"Clairette!" he murmurs, and is dead.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CONCERNING CANDLES.

WHOEVER invented candles must be considered as a benefactor to his fellow-men. To honor him by name is an impossibility, for that appears to have been lost in the mists of antiquity. Of the benefits his invention has conferred upon mankind there can be no question, and of the antiquity of the invention there can be as little doubt. We find mention of the candle in the Bible as early as the time of Job, though it may be a question whether the word translated "candle" in that book would not be better expressed by "lamp." The candle is also referred to in Proverbs, in the prophecy of Jeremiah, and in the Book of Revelation. Mention is often made of it by our Lord as recorded in the Gospels. Indeed, this by no means exhausts the list of places in the Bible in which the candle is referred to.

In keeping with these frequent references in the Scriptures to candles is the prominent position they still hold in the religious ceremonies of a large section of mankind. The Roman, Greek, and now the English churches are, among Christians, the three great religious bodies distinctive for their use of candles as adjuncts to public worship. But among other and non-Christian systems of religion, that of Buddha is conspicuous for the same usage; and although we can not say whether its symbolism is as defined as in the Christian Church, still, as with those of us who follow the usage, it is not omitted at any important religious ceremony or service.

Among Western nations candles have always been regarded as necessary accessories to public worship. "Christmas," says Blount, "was called the Feast of Lights in the Western or Latin Church, because they used many lights or candles at the feast." What was then customary is not less so in these modern times. At St. John's College, Oxford, a candle used formerly to be burned at Christmas in an ancient stone socket, upon which was engraved a figure of the Holy Lamb. It was in use during the twelve days of Christmas, and stood on the public supper board. In Belgium, from Christmas to Epiphany, the children carry about the streets paper stars having a lighted taper in the centre, singing at the same time some verses of a carol. "Some years ago," says a writer in *Notes and Queries,* "the colliers at Llynymaen, two miles from Oswestry, were in the habit of carrying from house to house in Oswestry boards covered with clay, in which were stuck lighted candles. This was done at Christmas only, and by colliers only."

The customs and superstitions connected with candles are extremely numerous. A letter in the *Times* of 25th March, 1873, relates to sales "by inch of candle:" "When the bidding is opened, a small candle—similar to a vesta—is lighted; at each bid a new one is lighted, and if no new bid is given before it goes out, a second, and on that going out without a bid, a third candle is lighted. The last bidder at the time the third candle goes out is declared the purchaser." In Pepys's Diary, under the date 6th November, 1660, we read: "To our office where we met all for the sale of two ships by an inch of candle—the first time that I ever saw any of this kind—where I observed how they do invite one another, and at last how they all do cry, and we have much to do to tell who did cry last." The word "cry" used here is evidently the same as our modern word "bid." The custom, like many another, has not wholly died out in England, as the following from a Bristol paper of the 29th March, 1873, proves: "The practice of letting by inch of candle still prevails in the county of Dorset. At the annual letting of the parish meadow of Broadway, near Weymouth, which occurred a few weeks ago, an inch of candle was placed on a piece of wood nine inches square, and lighted by one of the parish officers. The biddings were taken down by one of the parish officers, and the chance of taking the meadow was open to all while the candle was burning. The last bidder before the candle went out was the incoming tenant. This year the candle was extinguished suddenly."

Among the customs used at death is that sometimes practiced of putting a plate of salt and a candle upon the corpse, and Moresin conjectures that the latter "was an Egyptian hieroglyphic for life, meant to express here the ardent desire of having the life of the deceased prolonged." Among modern Jews it is customary, according to Levi, to set a light at the head of a dead person after the corpse has been laid out; and among Roman and Anglo Catholics the same custom, it is almost superfluous to add, is practiced. In the time of Henry the Eighth, says Hazlitt, quoting from *Scogin's Jests,* it was the custom to set two burning candles over the dead body.

Candle omens are numerous and various. Some are almost too well known to need mention, while a knowledge of others is not so general. "A collection of tallow," says Grose, "rising up against the wick of a candle, is styled the winding-sheet, and deemed an omen of death in the family." The same writer tells us that a spark at the candle denotes that the person opposite to it will shortly receive a letter. To find to whom the letter is to come, according to another popular superstition, the candlestick should be struck on the table, and whoever the spark falls opposite will receive the letter. If it falls after one knock, it comes the next day; if after two, the second day, and so on. A kind of fungus in the candle predicts the visit of a stranger from that part of the country nearest the object. Upon this that pedantic writer Sir Thomas Browne observes: "The fungous parcels about the wicks of candles only indicate a moist and pluvious air, which hinders the avolation of the light and favillous particles, whereupon they settle upon the snast. That candles and lights burn blue and dim at the apparition of spirits may be true, if the ambient air be full of sulphureous spirits, as it happens often in mines." Candles when they burn blue are a sign of a spirit in the house or not far from it, says Melton in his "Astrologaster." And Hero says to her lover in "Ovid Travestie:"

> "For last night late, to tell you true,
> My candel as I sate burnt blew,
> Which put poor me in horrid fright,
> And expectation of black spright,
> With sawcer eyes, and horns, and tail."

And the following beautiful lines, from the "Knight of the Burning Pestle," show the significance of bluish burning candles:

> "Come, you whose loves are dead,
> And whiles I sing,
> Weep and wring
> Every hand, and every head
> Bind with cypress and sad yew;
> Ribands black and candles blue
> For him that was of men most true."

A candle burning blue seems, however, to be, besides, a sign of frost:

> "*Constable.* My watch is set, charge given, and all in peace,
> But by the burning of the candle blew,
> Which I by chance espied through the lanthorne,
> And by the dropping of the Beadle's nose,
> I smell a frost."

Candles are said to be difficult to light when there is an approach of wet weather, and the same reason will cause their wicks to swell and emit small excrescences. A person who burns three candles accidentally, and not by intention, is supposed to secure for himself the office of sheriff before the expiration of the year. The amiable Vicar of Wakefield, referring to his daughters' waking dreams, says, "The girls have their omens too; they saw rings in the candle." A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine,* 1795, states that the Irish, when they put out a candle, say, "May the Lord renew or send us the light of heaven." George Herbert also refers to the saying in his *Country Parson.* The Venetians have a bit of folk-lore, which reads: "On the wedding night leave the candle burning, as the one who puts it out will die first."

COOLIES' OPERA.

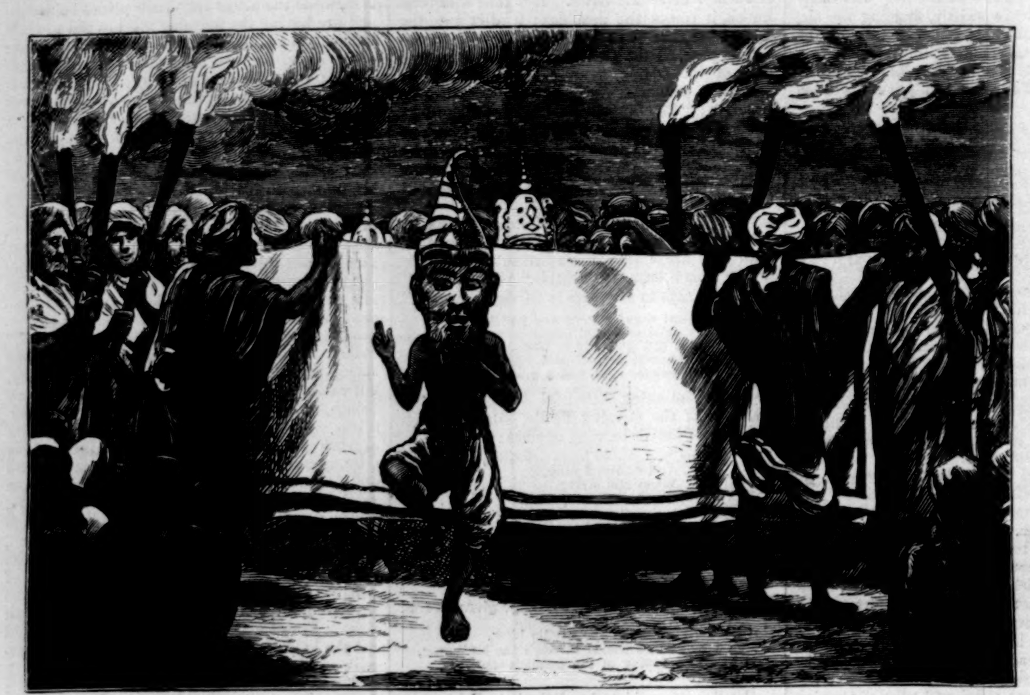
THE people of the middle and lower castes, "the great unwashed," of India, commonly known as "coolies," beguile their evening hours with either quarrelling, telling stories after the manner of the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments,* or in dramatic representations. In the south of the Madras Presidency coolies emigrate in gangs to the coffee plantations of Ceylon, or find work on the estates in the territories of the rajahs of Travancore, Cochin, and Mysore, or in Coorg. The "kauganies," or heads of the gangs, encourage the getting up of dramatic entertainments, as they help to keep their men more contented, and in better humor with each other; for even the wild Hindoo will follow the example of Dr. WATTS's well-known bears and lions when twenty or, in crop season, even fifty men have to live together in one long line: if idle, they fight. The kaugani usually presents his men with the theatre properties; a few rupees judiciously laid out in several yards of muslin and turkey-red, sheets of gold and silver paper, and talc, and a little chalk (for the chief actors must all be white), furnish all that will be required. Some of the coolies of the gang who can do a little sewing are set to work to manufacture the costumes out of the turkey-red and muslin. With the help of old newspapers, glue, and string the crown and coronets, bangles and armlets, necklets, ear-rings, and nose-rings are made from the talc and the gold and silver paper, which in the uncertain torchlight look most picturesque and brilliant, not to say barbaric. He next trains his orchestra—a tom-tom, castanets, and flute, with two or three bass singers, who keep time with great clappings of hands. These have all to practice—a fearful discord of shrill and gruff sounds. He then trains his *corps dramatique,* each individual of which, besides acting his own *rôle,* has to dance a wild fantastic step peculiar to himself. The actors are all men, it not being considered decent for women to act. When the men are thought perfect in their parts there comes a request to the "Perriah Dorey," or great master, that he would allow them to come and act at the bungalow. Soon after dark a scarcely subdued humming and buzzing of human voices are heard in the distance, announcing the arrival of the actors, accompanied by all the men and boys from the cooly lines. Presently the hubbub increases, and on going out into the veranda you find the spectators are trampling your pet bed of roses or breaking down the camellias in their endeavor to find a resting-place for the soles of their feet. Natives seldom if ever stand to look on at any performance, but almost invariably sit, on the smallest excuse. It is not, however, sitting as the posture is understood by Europeans, but resting on the soles of their feet with the rest of the body doubled up, looking like frogs in a shower of rain. After a great deal of talking and pushing from the kauganies, the men are induced to stand at the back and the boys to squat in the front and sides, and being wrapped up in their gray or black "rumblies," or coarse blankets, they present a most comical appearance. The following is a sample of their comedy:

A large cloth, most probably the best Sunday dress of the kaugani's wife, is held up by two men, while the actors take their places behind it, and are having the finishing touches put to their toilets. The scene is lighted up by torches made of the dwarf bamboo, dried and split and tied together; these are held aloft by any of the spectators who may feel inclined to make themselves useful. A boy in a huge mask, representing a "guru," or holy man, comes in front of the impromptu curtain, and hops first on one leg and then on the other as fast as he can, holding on his mask with his left hand as though stroking his beard, while his right hand is lifted up, with thumb, third, and little fingers doubled down in the attitude of a saint or priest giving a blessing. This is the subject of our first sketch. Continuing his gymnastic exercises, he sings a prologue to a monotonous tune, in which he tells the company generally that the supreme gods of the Hindoos, having called together all their "gurus," wished to know if there was one honest man among their followers—a very necessary inquiry, but coming with a bad grace from these supreme beings, who were not examples of honesty themselves. The guru having denied the existence of such an uncommon individual, another holy guru, a great enemy of his, had come forward and declared that he knew of an honest man, a rajah, who had never told a lie, and who would, under any circumstances, keep his word when once given, and, as a voucher for his honest man, had offered to give any one who could prove him dishonest the benefit of half his twenty years of penance and starvation in the jungles, while the present guru had sworn that should the rajah remain honest after a due trial by him, he would eat the holy cow and walk to Benares, selling arrack and beef on the way.

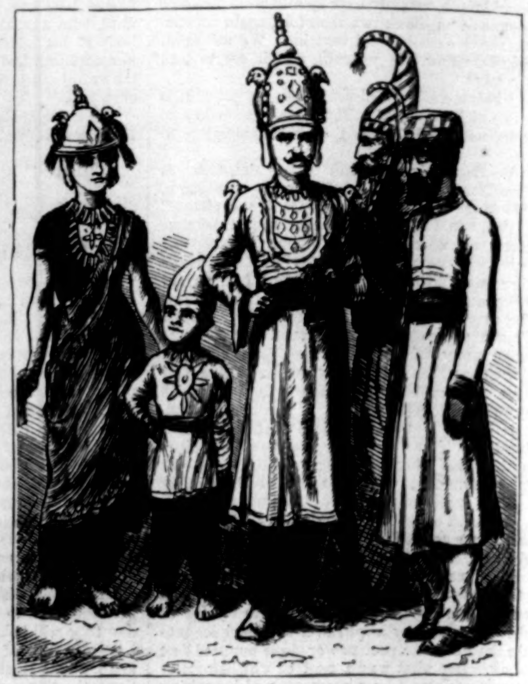
The recitations and hops of the guru become faster and faster, till he is almost frantic; but just as one fancies he must drop from exhaustion, a quaint Falstaffian figure, armed with a large roll of sheep-skin, rushes on to the scene with a bound, brings down his roll of leather with a loud report on the head of the dancing guru, and having dismissed him in this summary manner, the newcomer cuts the most extraordinary capers, and cracks jokes with the boys, rewarding them if they laugh too loudly with a thump on the head with his sheep-skin club. He then arranges the men with torches, setting his long beard on fire in the attempt, to the great delight of the boys, and as suddenly as he arrived he retires behind the curtain, which is now withdrawn, and discloses the honest rajah, his wife and son, dervan and fool, as shown in our second sketch. The guru now comes again on the scene, and begs the rajah for money to build a pagoda, which is promised after a great deal of singing, dancing, and posturing have been gone through by the whole household. Having obtained the rajah's word of honor that a heap of gold piled as high as he can throw a stone shall be given him when next he appears, he then retires, sending in the mean while such a succession of beggars of all kinds that the unfortunate rajah can not collect his heap of gold.

In the next scene two Nautch girls appeared. Their wigs were composed entirely of horse-hair, plaited into one long tail, ornamented with tinsel crescents and globes; large ugly gilt plates covered their ears, and served as a support to the heavy coronets, which were adorned on each side with golden parrots. The rajah is so pleased with their dancing that he promises them whatever they shall ask for. They make the modest request of the gift of half his kingdom, which the rajah (being more of a fool and spendthrift than any thing else) cheerfully complies with. The rest of the drama, except the *finale,* being beyond the simple acting powers of the coolies, is sung by the Nautch girls.

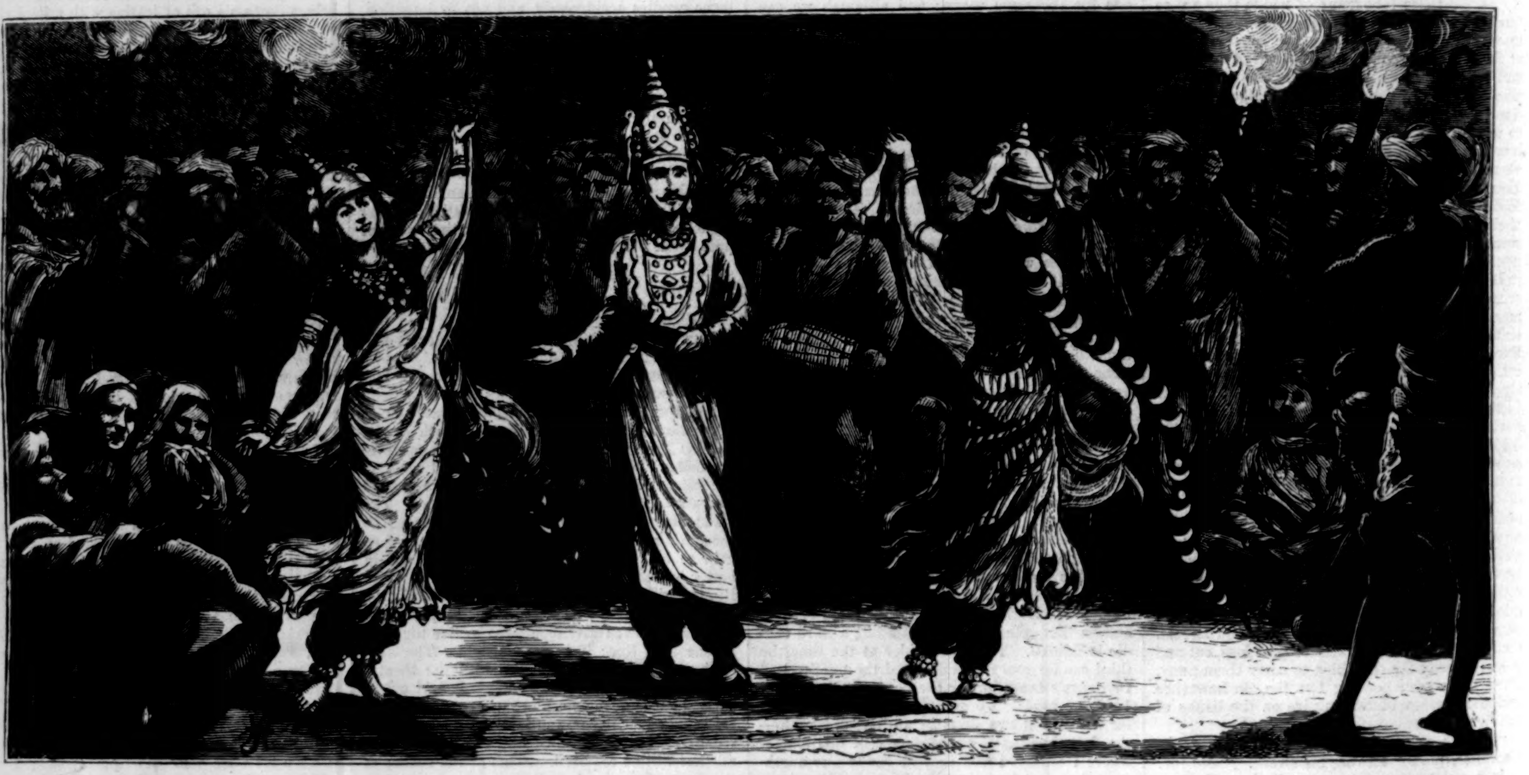
The guru arrives, and finds his heap of gold not of the required height. The rajah, in order to keep his word, sells all he possesses, even himself, his wife, and son. The rajah is bought as a slave by the chief director of the Burning Ghât at Benares, his wife and son are bought by a Brahmin in the same city. The boy dies very soon, and is brought by his mother to be cremated; she recognizes her husband, who refuses to burn the body of his son unless the ritual fee is paid, being too honest to defraud his master even by using the wood remaining from former cremations. Having no money, she sets out to beg and to obtain the means to have the last rites of her child performed—the last, and to a Brahmin the most necessary, ceremony for the rest of the soul. On her way she meets the son of the rajah of Benares, whom the all-powerful guru causes to fall down dead before her. She is seized by the rajah for causing the death of his son, and ordered to immediate execution. By the machinations of the guru, her husband is deputed to do the work of executioner. With a marvellous disregard to his feelings, he attempts to do his duty, but every time he makes a cut at her head the sword falls on her neck on a garland of flowers; at the last and third blow the gods arrive on the earth, and restore this exceptionally honest and true rajah to more than his former wealth and happiness. Whether the guru ate the beef does not seem to be known. The rajah and dervan come out of the crowd after this happy termination of all their troubles, and join the Nautch girls in a kind of breakdown till they are all exhausted from their exertions, and the spectators choked with the dust they have kicked up. This is represented in our fifth sketch. After this vigorous performance a beggar and his wife and the fool go round and collect money for the actors, the Perriah Dorey of course being expected to give a large present. The beggar-woman has a bundle in her arms, which is supposed to be her child, but the head of the baby falls off and discloses a black bottle, which, she tells the fool, in a stage whisper, is empty—a broad hint that they are thirsty, and that the present should be a large one.



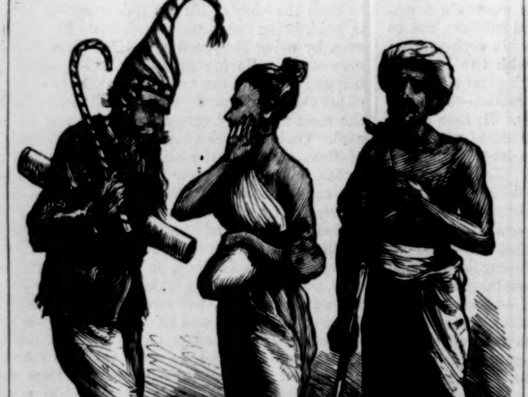
THE CURTAIN—GURU SINGING THE PROLOGUE.



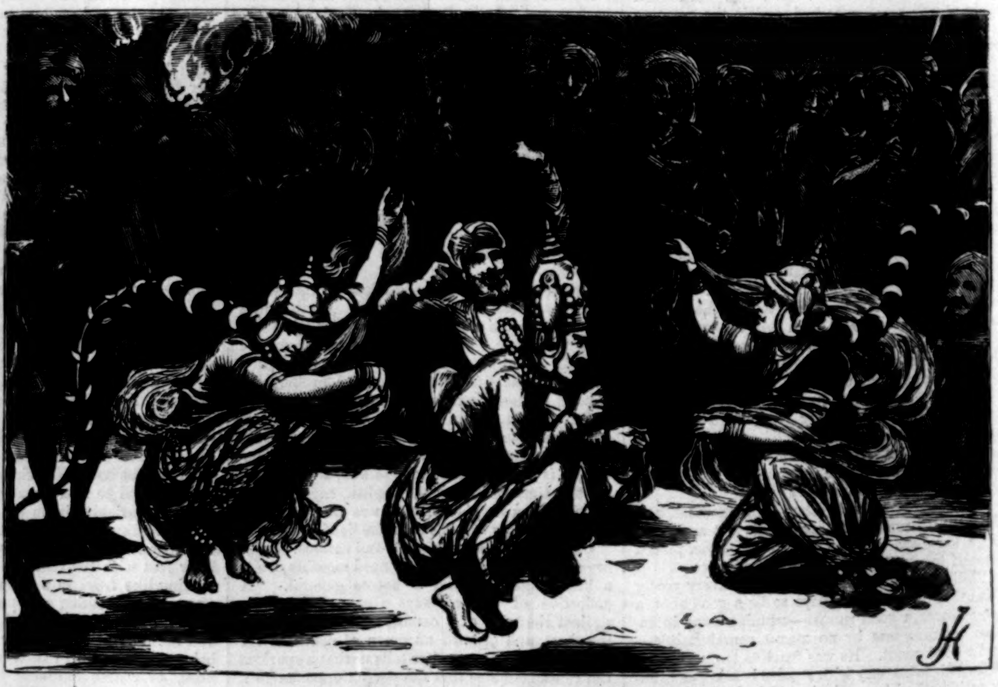
THE RAJAH AND HIS HOUSEHOLD.



NAUTCH GIRLS DANCING BEFORE THE RAJAH.



THE BEGGAR, HIS WIFE, AND THE FOOL.



THE FINALE AND ORCHESTRA.

COOLIES' OPERA.—[SEE PAGE 563.]

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